

# THE MONTH

*A Catholic Magazine and Review.*

OCTOBER, 1888.

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## *The Missionary Crusade in Africa.*

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### I.

#### THE NIGER TERRITORIES.

IN a former number of *THE MONTH* I endeavoured to call attention to the great importance of the Catholic missions in those large portions of West Africa which are under British rule. By the unfailing courtesy and assistance of the editor of the *Tablet*, I have been enabled repeatedly to bring them under notice, ever since the year 1874, when I first made acquaintance with these missions in the large and important town and district of Lagos. The "scramble for Africa" by the principal Powers of Europe led to the conference at Berlin, at which these Powers arranged for a friendly partition of that continent among themselves. This movement added greatly to the importance of African missions; and from the experience and knowledge which I had gained by personal acquaintance with the few missions which were then in British West Africa, I tried hard, principally in the *Tablet*, to make known to English Catholics what a splendid "base of operations" exists in those parts for carrying on a Christian warfare into the interior of Africa. The missions there are safe under the protection of the local Colonial Governments, which assist them with substantial grants of money, and the governors and officials are generally most friendly. The heathen natives in most parts are also friendly, and wherever a Catholic mission is established, requests are sure to come there from other places asking for missions to be opened. The position I was placed in led me to act as spokesman for these missionaries labouring in British colonies, and many a kind response has been made by individuals in this country, especially by the Sisters of the Convent of the Good Shepherd at Hammersmith, and by Priests already burdened with their own work and poverty, but who realized

the importance of the work, not only for the present, but also for the future, when Africa shall have been brought under the domination of Europe.

But far more than this is necessary. A great and extensive movement by the Church must be made in order to acquire spiritual dominion in Africa ; a movement as great and powerful as that made by European States to acquire temporal dominion. This has been my constant argument, backed by the assertion, which with fresh experience I again maintain, that no such suitable place for a great and powerful missionary attack upon Africa can be found as in the British settlements of West Africa. In them an excellent as well as a secure base of operations is provided, in and from which pure missionary work can be carried on among the heathen who have not yet been overrun by the Mussulman tribes from the north, but who are rapidly falling under their power.

Unfortunately these missions have remained neglected and starved, with the loss of many most valuable lives both of Priests and Sisters, because they had not even houses or subsistence requisite for the bad climate, and were so few to grapple with the work waiting to be done, that they soon worked themselves to death.

My great hope has been that some one in authority would draw the attention of the Propaganda to what was doing as well as to what was required in these parts. But as yet it seems that no great assistance has been obtained except for missions which are in some way connected with France. In the French settlements of Senegambia in West Africa, as far down as the British settlement on the Gambia, which is more French than English, missions flourish and receive large support. They are under the charge of the Society of the Holy Ghost, which has also the charge of the mission at Sierra Leone. But as soon as we reach the British settlements on the Gold Coast, and at Lagos, we find that it is only of late years that there have been any Catholic missions at all, whilst on the long line of coast skirting the Delta of the Niger, which is under British protection, not one single Catholic mission exists. The French Society of African Missions has stepped in and begun a great work, but it is very small to what it might have been had it been supported on a larger scale. The missions are very few and badly supported, although at Lagos a large and powerful mission has now been

built up on the graves of the many Fathers and Sisters who have in brave succession carried on the work.

Beyond Lagos there are no missions at all until the French colonies are again reached, and there we meet the Society of the Holy Ghost once more, carrying on its great work, well supported, and with Bishops to lead the work. In the British settlements placed under the Society of African Missions, there is not one single Bishop, not even at Lagos with its principal church well fitted to be a cathedral; with well-to-do and well-educated congregations; and with schools both for girls and boys which are rapidly increasing the number of the educated natives, and which have for two years past come out first in the report of the Government Inspector, an Anglican clergyman from Sierra Leone. All the principal missionary efforts of the Catholic Church in Africa have been directed to Algeria and the north where France prevails, although the work there is far more colonial than missionary. The Africans in those parts are almost entirely Mohammedans, and no work of conversion has made any advance among them.

Yet it is from there, from the Mohammedan north, where Catholic charity appears to have been lavished to so great an extent in vain, that a voice has been raised on behalf of Africa, and has at once commanded attention. Cardinal Lavigerie with Cardinal Manning at his side, has here in London, as well as elsewhere, asked for a crusade to be carried on in Africa against the brutalities and tyranny of Islam, as well as of heathenism. He spoke at a meeting where all denominations and parties of our countrymen met together and gave him a reception which augurs well for the cause. His words were published by the press throughout the country, and surely those words will not be spoken in vain.

I trust I shall not seem presumptuous when I say that Cardinal Lavigerie's noble speech on behalf of Africa confirms all that I have written during the last fourteen years. He has appealed to Christian Europe on behalf of the heathen of Africa to deliver them from the savage cruelties of their Moslem conquerors, and at the same time he has shown by his own experience the great difficulties and dangers of endeavouring to do so from the north. His Eminence and all his forces are placed in the very midst of their bitter enemies the Mohammedans, and between them and the countries where those whom they wish to save dwell,

there lie the terrible deserts with the wandering hordes of Mussulman tribes who are even worse enemies than those in the North. And it is on that account that the Cardinal has to tell of the martyrs put to death by these people, as well as of many more who have died from the awful privations and toils caused by their being thrown into Central Africa, and all this without any success which can compensate for such dreadful sufferings and heavy losses.

On account of these almost insuperable difficulties, I think that a far better base of operations for the crusade preached by Cardinal Lavigerie lies along the West Coast of Africa, and especially in those parts which are under the British Government. In the North, very little real missionary work has been done, or can be done, even with the large Catholic force established there. In the West, with a mere handful of badly-supported Priests and Sisters, a continuous and increasing work of a purely missionary kind among the negroes has been going on. The north of Africa has been entirely converted to the Moslem religion, and that religion is rapidly and forcibly advancing southwards across the entire continent, and therefore the missions in West Africa, placed among the heathen not yet converted, could, if strong enough, meet the advancing plague and stop its progress, even if it could not drive it back. A great work of conversion among the heathen can be done there without the cruel martyrdoms and sufferings occasioned by attacking the enemy in the very heart of his strongholds, where there is no protection from a friendly Government, and with very weak forces cut off from any base of operations. The missionaries of the Societies of the Holy Ghost, and of African missions stationed in Senegal and in the British settlements of West Africa, have a hold upon the heathen populations among whom they are placed, and according to their strength and numbers can meet the advance of Islam, and save the heathen tribes from the fatal choice of conversion or slavery. There have been no martyrdoms or savage cruelties inflicted upon them, and their many deaths and principal privations have arisen more from neglect, as well as from climate, than from any hostility on the part of the natives.

Hitherto missions have been stationed at a very few places in the British settlements along the coast. The Lagos Mission, as it has slowly increased in numbers and importance, has been able to establish a few weak branches some little way

in the interior, but a broad belt of heathen country is left untouched between them and the advancing wave of Islam, which will soon be subdued by the Crescent, if not brought under the influence and protection of the Cross.

Here therefore lies a noble field for missionary efforts, and for carrying out the crusade preached by Cardinal Lavigerie. In this belt lie countless tribes of heathens still unsubdued by Moslemism, but each year the Arabs and Mohammedan tribes press on, carrying war and misery among them, principally for the purpose of carrying off fresh droves of slaves to the various markets where they can be sold.

It is with no little pleasure that I am able to tell of the establishment of a few small Catholic missions in one part of that belt which lies further in the interior than any of the West African missionaries have hitherto reached. They are on the banks of the River Niger, which has for so many years been explored and navigated by British travellers and merchants for the sake of trade, and the lower portion of which, together with the River Binué and other affluents, has now come directly under British dominion. I have there lately witnessed and taken an active part in a vigorous crusade against the brutalities of African slavery, which is a striking proof of how much can be done where a civilized Government gives protection, and where Mohammedanism has not yet subdued the people.

The River Niger is divided between France and Britain. France, advancing rapidly and effectively from her colonies in Senegambia, claims a French Empire in the central Soudan which extends as far as Timbuctoo, the most northern point of the Niger. Over the lower Niger a British protectorate has been proclaimed. This would have been impossible but for the great and successful exertions of the National African Company, which has taken mercantile possession of that river from below the rapids which divide the upper and lower portions of the river. The British Government has always steadily refused to extend its influence into the interior of Africa, remaining content with a protectorate over a narrow strip of most unhealthy and uninteresting coast. When the scramble for the African continent by the European Powers came on, and France, Germany, Belgium, and Portugal began to claim and mark out large Empires in the interior, Britain could only claim her long line of coast, and lost some of that from want of prompt energy. And so it came about that at the Berlin Conference, Britain



could have claimed no portion of the interior of Africa had it not been for the work of the National African Company, on the River Niger. That Company had been so vigorous and so successful in its trading operations with the natives that all rivals, French and German, as well as British, were driven out of the river, and the Company left in sole possession with treaties for exclusive trade made with all the principal tribes on both sides of the river. The River Niger has known much of British enterprise and pluck, but it can tell of no greater tale of bravery, determination, and skill than in this work done for this Company by its chief agent, Mr. McIntosh, and a handful of men who worked with him, and were ready to go anywhere with him and do anything that he asked. And so it came about that when the Berlin Conference met, and both Germany and France were eager to get hold of the Niger countries, the representative of Great Britain was able to claim them as exclusively British, and to declare that an effective protectorate had been established over them. But for the National African Company, which did for Great Britain what no British Government of modern times, whether Conservative or Liberal, would have troubled to have done, the Niger country would have been lost, and the numerous settlements along the line of coast on the Delta would have been comparatively ruined by the trade in and from the interior, falling into the hands of France or Germany, by some arrangement in which this country would have had little or perhaps no share.

It was this effective and patriotic action on the part of the National African Company, which led to its receiving a Royal Charter two years since, conferring upon it a sovereign jurisdiction over the countries on each bank of the Rivers Niger and Benue in accordance with the treaties made by the Company with those tribes. By this it came into its present form of the Royal Niger Company, Chartered and Limited, governed by a Council in London, of which Lord Aberdare is the first Governor.

In the latter part of last year I received a request from the Council to accept the position of Chief Justice in the Niger territories. Having retired from that position in the colonial service on the Gold Coast in 1882, on account of my health being no longer able to stand the climate, I declined the honour. I was then asked to go out for a short time in order to organize a judicial system suitable to the country. This I did not like



to refuse, as the Council considered me specially fitted by my experience for a work which I knew was of the greatest importance for the future of this young Empire. I also felt that I might be of use to the missions, which do so much for the improvement and conversion of the heathen in those parts. I therefore accepted, on the understanding that I should not stay longer out there than three months, and should return sooner if I wished. I next proceeded to look out for a companion who would act as puisne Judge as long as I remained there and remain as Chief Justice when I left. I was fortunate in securing the services of one who proved both a true friend to me and an admirable man for the position. The Council of the Royal Niger Company appointed Mr. William V. Kane, of the Dublin Bar, a nephew of Sir Robert Kane, who is well known in the scientific world, to be the first puisne Judge in the Niger territories, and on the 21st of last January we sailed together from Liverpool for the Niger.

As I am writing about missions only, it is unnecessary for me to say much about the government or mercantile work of the Royal Niger Company. What I wish to be understood is, that the countries and tribes on each bank of the River Niger and its mighty tributary the Binué, are under its direct and sole rule and control. By its energy and enterprise it became master of the situation, and the British Government has acknowledged this by the grant of the Royal Charter which gives the authority of Great Britain to its government, and has caused the British protectorate over those countries to become a reality. But for this Company the Niger territories would have been lost to our country. By that Charter the Company is bound not to interfere with any religions, Christian, Heathen, or Moslem, that may exist in the territories, except in the case of any rites or practices that are contrary to humanity. But at the same time the mere fact of Lord Aberdare being Governor is in itself sufficient to guarantee that every effort to promote the welfare and civilization of the natives will receive all such protection and assistance as lie within the scope and duties laid down in the Charter. The Company cannot take any direct part in the promotion of Christian missions for the conversion of heathens or Mohammedans, but by a firm government which is fair to all, the Company can give security to the lives and property of all who settle or live within its territories, and can give protection to those who from philanthropic motives go

there to teach Christianity and higher civilization to the natives. The Company cannot promote or assist any form of religion as such, but it can assist all endeavours for the improvement of the country and the people in the same manner as the British Government does in the other settlements of West Africa. If we had not been confident that the Governor and Council would gladly support, as far as possible, every endeavour made by missionaries to promote the welfare of the inhabitants under their rule, neither I nor Mr. Kane would have gone out. But having been associated with all the members of the Council from the first establishment of the National African Company, I knew that they would be glad that we in our private capacity should help in promoting good civilizing missionary work, as well as establishing law and order in our judicial duties.

Judge Kane and I arrived at Akassa, the Company's seaport at the mouth of the River Niger, on the 25th of February, where we remained for a few days. We were gratified at the hearty reception we received from the servants of the Company at this place, and we also received visits from the agents of rival companies trading in the river, who have their head-quarters at another place called Brass, and expressed great satisfaction at the action of the Company in establishing an independent Court of justice to which all could resort. On the afternoon of the 1st of March we commenced our voyage up the river in one of the Company's steamers, and on the evening of Sunday the 4th we anchored for the night within a few miles of Asaba, our destination.

On the morning of the 5th we went on shore at Onitsha, an important native town on the left bank of the river, and visited the mission which had been established there for about two years by the Society of the Holy Ghost. The Agent-General of the Company, Mr. Flint, met us that morning and introduced us to the Superior, Father Lutz and his companions, who consisted of one other Priest and two lay-brothers. A third Priest had lately returned to Europe to recruit his health. The mission is stationed on a rocky cliff overlooking the river, and there is a dwelling-house and church built with walls of good solid mud made from the soil. The house has a roof of palm thatch and the Church has one of corrugated iron. Both are very simple but excellent for the purpose. They are situated in an extensive piece of ground, which was obtained without difficulty from the natives. One portion of it is allotted to men

and boys, and another to women and girls who have joined the mission but have no homes at Onitsha. Some have been redeemed from slavery and cruel deaths, and others have come by various ways under the influence of the mission. Father Lutz is a doctor for the body as well as the soul, and is much sought after in the former capacity, which gives him considerable influence. The natives are savages of a low type, living like most Africans contentedly under the grinding and cruel tyranny of chiefs and fetish or juju priests, but both chiefs and people constantly resort to the Fathers for advice of all kinds, and listen with respect and patience to everything that is said to them. Judge Kane and I went there for Mass, so that we saw a great deal of the mission. On two occasions we received visits at the mission-house from the two principal chiefs of the place, who begged Father Lutz to bring this about for them. The regular congregation consists of about one hundred and fifty Christians and catechumens. The difficulties attendant on commencing a Catholic mission in a country like this are far greater than can be explained in writing, especially when that commencement is undertaken by so few men, and with most poverty-stricken surroundings. This is the same everywhere in heathen West Africa, and it is the great cause of so little being done in comparison with what assuredly might be done if it were possible to give these missions something like the ample support which, so far as pure missionary work is concerned, seems almost thrown away upon the Mussulman countries of the North. The work done by these poor starved missions, in spite of their poverty in men, money, and everything required, is in itself ample proof of the truth of what I have said for years past, and what I say again with more confidence than ever. This beginning at Onitsha may seem small, but works like those of St. Francis Xavier and others do not come in our day, and there is a solidity and reality about it which promises well for its future.

Having given this brief account of the mission at Onitsha, I will continue my account of my visit to the Niger, so far as it had to do with missions. From Onitsha we sailed a few miles further up the river, until we came to a place on the opposite side of the river called Arāba by the natives, but which has come to be called Asāba by the Company. This was our destination, as it has been made the head-quarters of the Government and its military force under British officers. The

situation is excellent, the barracks and residences being on high ground commanding a splendid view over the noble river. Everything as yet is in its infancy, but by the unfailing and energetic assistance of the Agent-General and all the officers and servants of the Company who could do anything for us, we soon settled down and became deeply interested in everything about us.

It was here that we were soon most unexpectedly involved in an actual crusade against the most hideous form of slavery which can be found in Africa. Cardinal Lavigerie has spoken of the slave hunting and trade which carries off the poor heathen natives from their homes to be sold into the service of Turks and other Mussulman masters in the north. But it must be borne in mind that there is a still more horrible form of slavery prevalent throughout the whole of the dark continent which is not under European control. This is the slavery which every tribe is ready and anxious to practise upon other tribes. The very people who are constantly captured and carried off by the more powerful Arab tribes are themselves everywhere addicted to the practice of doing the same to any neighbours they can conquer, and every powerful tribe like that of Dahomey, keeps up its prestige by regular raids upon other and weaker tribes, for the sole purpose of capturing slaves. And these persons so caught are not merely subject to the loss of freedom by becoming the slaves of their conquerors; they also supply the victims for the ceaseless innumerable murders which the devilish religion of the heathen negroes demands for the rites which we know under the name of human sacrifice. This religion varies in different localities so far as the names and legends of the evil spirits which are worshipped are concerned, but there is a horrible catholicity and unity in the belief which everywhere prevails, that after death the free man remains free, and that the slave remains a slave in the service of the spirit of whatever master he belongs to. It therefore follows that the free man after death requires slaves in accordance with his rank and wealth when alive, and that slaves are sent to him by his family and dependants as an attention and mark of respect which would bring down serious punishment and calamity if neglected. The crusade which Cardinal Lavigerie calls for is not only required against the Mussulman from the north, who devastates country after country for the sake of carrying off the inhabitants into slavery. It is also required to put down the slavery which

prevails among the heathen tribes themselves, and which leads to numbers of them being savagely tortured and murdered by their masters. The people of Africa have to be delivered from themselves and from the cruel, bloody tyranny of their own chiefs and heathen priests, as well as from the attacks of the slave-hunting Arabs. It was a crusade of this kind on behalf of slaves, which I witnessed at Asāba carried out bravely and effectually by a plucky band of men, white and black, who are in the employ of the Royal Niger Company. They have won great honour for the early history of the youthful Government which they serve so well, by having struck a blow on behalf of slaves which has effectually put an end to human sacrifices at Asāba, and that blow has been felt throughout all the Niger territories.

But I have already written at such length that I must leave my account of the crusade and its immediate effect upon the missions for another number.

JAMES MARSHALL.

### *Cardinal Wladimir Czacki.*<sup>1</sup>

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IN the midst of the grief felt for the loss of a man very dear to him, Macaulay wrote: "Many reasons make it impossible for us to lay before our readers, at the present moment, a complete view of his character and public career. But we feel that we have already deferred too long the duty of paying some tribute to his memory. We feel that it is more becoming to bring, without further delay, an offering, though intrinsically of little value, than to leave his memory any longer without some token of our reverence and love."<sup>2</sup> This same feeling induces us to-day to consecrate a few pages to the memory of one of the most eminent of the Princes of the Church, the beloved and deeply-regretted Cardinal Czacki. We do not pretend to give more than a sketch of his life: his biography will be reserved for a later period. But we wish to give our readers an outline of his rare and beautiful character and mention some of the leading events in his life, until the time comes when the great part he took in the religious movement of the day will be more fully understood and appreciated.

Wladimir Czacki was born at Poryck, in Wolhynia, on April 16, 1834. His family, which was as ancient as it was illustrious, occupied a considerable position in Poland both on account of its patriotism and its old Catholic traditions. If Poryck was considered the most intellectual centre of the country, it was owing to the Czackis, and especially to the grandfather of the Cardinal, the famous Thaddeus. This last married a Dembinska, and had two children, Victor and Mary, who became Princesse Lubominska. Victor married Princess Pelagia Sapieha, and had a son, the famous Cardinal, whose sudden and unexpected death has lately cast such a gloom over Rome.

He was a very puny, delicate child, and as such gave great

<sup>1</sup> Many of the facts in this article are taken from the *Correspondant*, by the kind permission of its author, Count Edward Soderini.

<sup>2</sup> Macaulay's *Critical and Historical Essays*, July, 1841.



anxiety to his parents. In spite of his weakness, however, he was, from his childhood, most carefully educated and trained. He used often to speak of the goodness of his father, whose principles would never yield to the despotism of the Emperor Nicholas: yet at times he was extremely severe with the boy, especially at the smallest infraction of truth or obedience. This somewhat stern education, he would say, contributed to give him that energy of character and independence of soul which were his most remarkable qualities. But the great influence of his life and one which developed in him the loving and gentle ways for which he was so remarkable, was that of his admirable mother, whom he loved as his own soul. How often he would speak of her with tears in his eyes! and how frequently he would express his bitter regret that his health prevented his living with her as much as he wished!

Yet the Countess Czacki never spoilt him in any way: she was as firm as she was affectionate towards him and never would spare any reproof which she thought necessary. He told us one day that on a certain occasion, when he was a child, he scolded an old servant of the house in a violent way for something which had displeased him. His mother called him at once and said: "If we wish to be respected by others we must first respect them and their feelings, and especially when it is a question of our inferiors in social rank. Go directly and kneel at the feet of that man and ask his pardon." Wladimir was a very proud child and tried to resist. But his mother insisted, and he did not dare disobey her. The faithful old servant burst into tears as if he had been the one in fault: but the boy never forgot the lesson. The result was, that nothing could exceed the real kindness and consideration he showed to his servants and every one about him in after-life, even when he had attained the highest possible position. We have often seen him in Rome stopping to speak to the poorest and most ragged beggars, asking them about their circumstances, and if any one were infirm or aged, giving him his arm or hand to help him in coming into or leaving church. In fact, his tenderness for the sick-poor was beautifully expressed by a working-man who said of him: "He always makes us feel as if he were one of us." His health as a child prevented his sharing in the usual amusements of his age; the consequence was, that he devoted himself to reading, and that, together with his continual intercourse with people older than himself, gave him a precocity and a maturity of judgment



which contrasted strongly with his age. In fact, his opinion upon most things was so good and showed so much reflection, that in family councils he was always asked to say what he thought, and his advice was constantly taken. One might have imagined that such an education would have made him self-sufficient and priggish. But his mother had thoroughly grounded him in humility, and in consequence, he was never forward or disagreeable. His character was, in fact, most amiable and bright, and he was full of wit and fun. He loved the company of young people, and when he became older, took incredible pains in training and encouraging them. He used to say that they represented the future; and there was no end to the devotion and really paternal affection he showed them. Somebody having remarked to him that he was too ready to give employment to untrained men, he replied: "If it be a question of a delicate mission, you are right to choose a man of experience: but you would be mistaken in preferring one worn out with age, to a youth of real ability and intelligence."

The anxiety felt about his health obliged his parents, very unwillingly, to send him away from home, as Poryck was too cold for his delicate constitution. He was first sent to Warsaw, where he began his studies in a college directed by Charles Witte, a noted Professor, who died at Cracow only a short time ago. The young Wladimir was very happy there, and always praised the system of education in that college, where, it is needless to add, he was a universal favourite. After a time he went on to Heidelberg, but his health getting worse instead of better in Germany, the doctors ordered him to spend half the year in France and half in Italy. He went first to Paris, where his birth and talents gave him the *entrée* to the best French society. The man who became his most intimate friend, however, was Sigismond Krasinski, the famous Polish poet; and under his inspiration young Czacki composed some very good verses. But he had the good sense to see that this pursuit would interfere with his other studies and had the courage to give it up completely. At Paris he also met at the Walewski's the Duc de Morny, who took a strong fancy to the brilliant lad, and understanding what he would eventually become, initiated him into all the secrets of his policy. Above all, he made him understand the wisdom of that press organization, of which Morny was the initiator, and which rendered such important services to the Second Empire. This revelation made a great impression

on Wladimir, whose intelligence instantly seized the importance of such an institution and the advantage it would be to any great cause. He studied it carefully; and later on tried to persuade Cardinal Antonelli to utilize Morny's system. But this (otherwise) astute statesman could not be induced to see the value of the Press, and scarcely ever looked at a newspaper. He used to employ one of his secretaries on Tuesdays and Fridays—the days of reception of the diplomatic body—to give him a short summary of the most important subjects mentioned in the papers, so that he might appear to have read them. Yet he often complained of the immense evils accruing from this source, without perceiving, with his young friend Czacki, that the only way to fight against it was to oppose a good and well-organized organ of his own to its reckless misstatements.

The Duc de Morny always maintained the most affectionate relations with Comte Czacki, and in their correspondence it is interesting to find that Wladimir's great object evidently was to bring back his worldly friend to the faith of his childhood. A few months later young Wladimir went to Rome, where he found the most affectionate hospitality in the house of his mother's cousin, Princess Odescalchi, *née* Branicka. No one who had the happiness of knowing that admirable woman can ever forget her charming home, her earnest zeal, and piety, her high-bred and courteous manners, and that undefinable charm which gave additional value to her rare qualities of heart and mind. In her *salon* one met with every one most distinguished in Rome, whether ecclesiastics, politicians, or men of note in literature, science, or art. And it was in this admirable social centre that Wladimir, who was perhaps the youngest of the company, acquired that intimate knowledge of men and things which his intuitive penetration and powers of assimilation enabled him to use hereafter with such incredible advantage in his diplomatic career. He soon became a universal favourite. Yet his success did not spoil him or give rise to any feelings of pride in his mind. He remained humble and modest, even when he could no longer doubt his own influence and ability.

Princess Odescalchi became a second mother to him, and he returned her affection with a truly filial devotion. The only thing which alarmed her about him was his delicacy of health. But he persisted in studying, in spite of the doctors, declaring that he did not know what was reserved to him in the future, and that he must take advantage of the present time of leisure

to read all he possibly could. Knowing the Polish, Russian, German, Italian, English, French, and Spanish languages, besides Latin and Greek, he could read all that was important or new in these different tongues, and his extraordinary memory made him retain everything he read in a marvellous manner.

When his friends, later on, saw him overwhelmed with pamphlets and papers of all sorts and offered to read them to him, he always refused, saying, "It is useless: for to understand the point of anything one must read it oneself." It was the same with his correspondence. He wrote all important letters on public or private business with his own hand, and that with such quickness and facility that it was really easier for him to write than to dictate. In consequence, he never had a private secretary, and when, later on, his public functions obliged him to have others to assist him, he gave them such clear notes of what they were to say that their work was already half done.

He had two favourite subjects, theology and politics. From his childhood his most earnest wish had always been to become a priest. His greatest sorrow was when he was told that his health would preclude his embracing "this sublime and holy career," as he termed it: and endless were the prayers he offered up and obtained from others to arrive at this end. He began his course of theology at Paris and continued it at Rome. His best professor in this matter was the Pope Pius the Ninth himself! Introduced by his aunt as soon as he arrived in the Eternal City, Pius the Ninth instantly took a great fancy to him and, after several interviews, engaged him to come daily to the Vatican and work under his own eye. Day by day the Pope was more and more struck by the depth of his knowledge, the solidity of his piety, his extraordinary talents, and the quickness of his perceptions. At last, finding that his young *protégé's* health was really improving, and knowing that his vocation was stronger than ever, he said to him suddenly one day, "Well, my dear fellow, if you wish it, I think you may prepare to say your first Mass!" Wladimir's joy may be imagined, and he openly said, "that that day was the happiest in his whole life." He was ordained accordingly, and soon after he became priest was given a mission in Rome, where he devoted himself especially to the night-schools for young men, which he regularly attended, refusing all other engagements, teaching and encouraging them, and hearing their confessions

with extraordinary tenderness and zeal. There are many men now in Rome who remember his touching sermons and instructions, and who owe to him all their hopes of a future life.

It was a blessed time for him, and he tried to prolong it by refusing every other charge. But such was not the Pope's idea, and sending for him one day, he announced to him that he had made him his private secretary, to undertake all his private correspondence, and, in the occasional absence of Cardinal Antonelli, to take also the direction of the current business of the day. He appointed him "*Cameriere Segreto*" and a domestic prelate. Czacki refused, but in vain. Pius the Ninth would not listen to his objections, and Wladimir was forced to obey and to repair to the Vatican every day at the Pope's dinner-hour. Alone with him for many hours, Pius the Ninth put all his affairs into his hands and treated him with the greatest confidence and affection.

It was a flattering but a dangerous position. Everyone knew Cardinal Antonelli's extreme jealousy with regard to any one who came near the Pope, still more one whose political opinions were diametrically opposed to his own. But young Czacki had exquisite tact, and the end was, that he entirely won over the Cardinal, who, either from conviction or calculation, showed him extreme kindness and constantly employed him in delicate and difficult matters. There was one point, however, in which Mgr. Czacki would never give in to the Cardinal, and that was in his system of preventing remarkable persons from approaching the Pope. It was he who helped Cardinal Franchi to become the intimate friend and adviser of Pius the Ninth, who induced the Pope to send Mgr. Ludovico Jacobini to Vienna, and who, even in the life-time of Cardinal Antonelli, protested against the policy of banishing to Perugia a man as eminent and learned as Cardinal Pecci. "Holy Father!" he exclaimed, "Cardinal Pecci ought to have been at Rome long ago, for he might render incalculable services to the Holy See."

All this proves that he was neither envious nor ambitious. He had, in fact, but one object in life; he passionately loved the Church and the Pope, and the one aim of his ambition was the regeneration of society through their means. Personal interests were simply unknown to him. His only anxiety was to bring forward the idea or the man who would be of the greatest use to the Holy See. "A sovereign," he would say, "cannot see or know everything by himself. It is the duty of those around him

to enlighten him and make him know the real value of each individual, so that he may only have those about him who are capable of serving him well."

Pius the Ninth fully appreciated his young secretary and appointed him Consultor of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs and a member of the Special Commission for diplomatic business, of which Cardinal Franchi was the president. At this time also he published several important political pamphlets, such as, *The Pope and the Congress, Poland and Catholicity, Catholics and the Polish Church, Rome and Poland, On the Eve of the Council, &c.*

Later on, the Pope appointed him Secretary of the Congregation of Studies, of which the prefect was Cardinal Reisach, one of the most eminent, excellent, and accomplished men of his time and whose premature death was mourned by all Europe. Mgr. Czacki was intimately associated with him, and shared in his great scheme for uniting one of the largest of the Russian sects to the Catholic Church. This sect has always maintained the old rite in use before the schism of Photius, and the matter was to have been brought before the Vatican Council when the unexpected death of Cardinal Reisach stopped the proceedings. We have often heard Mgr. Czacki speak both of him and of Mgr. de Mérode with the greatest affection and veneration. "That was the man," he said (when one day dilating on the virtues and abilities of Mgr. de Mérode), "who should have been made Minister of the Interior. Where shall we find any one equal to him?"

When he was appointed to the Congregation of Studies, Mgr. Czacki, whose greatest talent consisted in organization, determined to give a fresh start to the Roman University, and succeeded wonderfully. He co-operated also with all his power in the foundation of the French Universities, and of several of the new Catholic Colleges of Rome, besides that of the Polish College. The zeal of Leo the Thirteenth for the diffusion of education among both priest and laymen was one of his greatest joys during the latter years of his life; but we are anticipating.

The day after the death of Cardinal Antonelli, Pius the Ninth appointed him Secretary of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs. Until that moment, although his private fortune was very small, he had always served the Holy See for nothing, which did not suit the generous views of Pius the Ninth. In vain had the Pope tried to make him accept a salary:

he obstinately refused. One day Pius the Ninth sent him a gold snuff-box with his portrait in enamel, which he was forced to accept. Then came the Papal Jubilee, and Pius the Ninth consulted him as "to whom he should give a certain very beautiful chalice." Mgr. Czacki replied: "Holy Father, I would give it to a Bishop who had deserved well of the Church." "You have partly answered right," answered the Pope. "But you ought to give it yourself to the one who has served her cause the best." "Yes," replied the Pope, smiling and embracing him, "and so I give it to you!"

Pius the Ninth, however, would not be content with snuff-boxes and chalices, and when he gave Mgr. Czacki this fresh appointment, said: "My dear Czacki, it is not only a personal question, but one which concerns those who come after you. I like to think that they will consider themselves obliged to follow your example, and they will feel, as I do, that it is a very bad one. Accept your salary, therefore, and don't say any more about it; for if, sometimes, I have to scold you, I want to do it without a feeling of gratitude towards you, or of remorse for a debt which I should have left unpaid. Do you understand me?" Mgr. Czacki understood and yielded.

His new department was what, in ordinary governments, is called the Foreign Office. It was full of difficulties at that moment, and Mgr. Czacki's first care was to choose subordinates who should thoroughly understand their work. He instituted a kind of committee which met twice a week, when he explained to them clearly the state of affairs, and invited them to give their opinion. His anxiety was to form men for the Government of the Church out of those who should show the most talent and intelligence, whether laymen or ecclesiastics, and he proposed to the Pope to add laymen to the Council of State, and to the Nunciatures, who should assist their ecclesiastical Superiors in all temporal functions. But Pius the Ninth was getting old, and one day, when he was speaking of his successor, Mgr. Czacki asked him if he held very much to the idea that the future Pope should carry out his policy? Pius the Ninth replied: "I hope that my successor may be inspired with my devotion to the Church and my anxiety to do good; but as for the rest, everything has changed around me! my system, my policy have done well for the old times—now, a new path must be followed. Would it not be madness on my part to undertake this change? I am too old. . . ."



Immediately after his elevation to the Papal Throne, Leo the Thirteenth confirmed Mgr. Czacki in his functions, and then appointed Cardinal Franchi Secretary of State. An immense movement immediately took place in the Pontifical chanceries all over the world. Leo the Thirteenth worked as hard as the humblest of his clerks, and Mgr. Czacki did the same. Speaking of the way in which the new Pope looked into everything himself, Cardinal Czacki said, laughing : *Il ne me fait pas la grâce d'une virgule !*"<sup>1</sup> Over and over again he would come back from the Vatican to the Palazzo Odescalchi, exhausted and harassed to an extent which alarmed his friends. But with his extraordinary force of will, his mind seemed to resist the suffering of his body, of which he would take little or no account. To work thus, his door was closed to every one, even to his nearest relations, and if, by some great exception, a friend was admitted, he gave him just the time to explain his business, and then dismissed him.

One of Leo the Thirteenth's first cares was to renew amicable relations with Foreign Governments, and especially to enter into negotiations with the German Government for the cessation of the *Kulturkampf*. From his intimate knowledge of men and things as well as places, Mgr. Czacki rendered him the most signal service at that time. But then came a terrible blow—the sudden death of his greatest friend, Cardinal Franchi. They had many points in common, and for years had lived in daily and hourly intimacy. Wladimir's grief was so deep that it seriously affected his health, and his only consolation was in hard work. Leo the Thirteenth being anxious at that time at the turn which affairs were taking in France, determined to send a man of signal ability and tact as Nuncio to Paris, and fixed on Mgr. Czacki, although hesitating to lose so valuable a Foreign Secretary. Mgr. Czacki had already refused the same post at Madrid, but the Pope having set before him his reasons for sending him to Paris, he felt he had no choice but to obey.

It was a critical moment. Gambetta was at the head of affairs, and his policy was summed up in the words : "*Clericalism is our enemy.*"

The anti-religious rage was at its height. The one anxiety of the Radicals was to break up all relations with the Church, and drive every vestige of religion from France.

<sup>1</sup> "He will not pass over even a wrong comma !"



The instructions of the Pope to the new Nuncio were explicit: "The greatest firmness when necessary, yet great moderation. To remember always that the great question is the saving of souls; to occupy himself with this without caring for political parties; to enter immediately into negotiations with the men who formed the Government, and try if possible to make them understand what was needed for the real good of the country; to do his utmost to avoid a rupture, so that if it did come, the responsibility, in the eyes of all Europe, should fall on the cause of it." Such was the admirable programme which the Nuncio was to carry out in its integrity. In consequence, as soon as he arrived in Paris, he entered into immediate communications with the French Government. These Ministers were surprised at finding a Roman prelate seeking instead of avoiding them. But they were still more astonished to meet a man who, without abandoning his ecclesiastical position, was so thoroughly well versed in the political state of things, and who, in his persuasive language, made use of arguments which it was impossible to refute. The Nuncio received his visitors with the greatest amiability; his conversation both charmed and amused them; but at the same time he never lost sight of his one object—to make them understand the real power of that Church and Papacy of which they fancied they could so easily rid themselves. Gambetta himself, after having stayed some hours with him at the Avenue Bosquet, exclaimed: "Monseigneur, if we had known sooner what you have been good enough to explain to me so clearly, the Government of the Republic would have avoided many of its imprudent steps in this Religious Question."

The result was his (Gambetta's) determination to maintain the Concordat, and his wish (which exasperated the Radicals) to come to terms with the Catholic party. The Nuncio was rather favourably impressed with Gambetta himself. He said of him: "He is a very intelligent man, and with extraordinary powers of eloquence, which quite carry away his hearers. His intellectual culture is not equal to his present position, and he is conscious of having arrived at it, as it were, by a sudden jump, without preparation. . . . He has not got a bad heart, and will never be an ultra-Radical. It is true that he eats up the priests to-day, but he digests them badly, so that I think he won't eat any more to-morrow!" Gambetta was not the only one of the Ministers who sought the company of the Nuncio,

and all came away with favourable impressions as regarded the Church and the Holy Father. It was from this moment that all honest Republicans began to ask themselves whether, after all, they had not done wrong in declaring war against Catholicism.

This action on the part of Mgr. Czacki, however, displeased some of the Legitimist party extremely. They wished him to abstain from all intercourse with the Government, and thus bring on a rupture which, according to their ideas, would have brought about a salutary catastrophe, out of which Catholic France would have emerged, no one knows how, triumphant! The Nuncio, though pained at these misconceptions, did not, in consequence, change his policy. He said, speaking on this subject: "The Pope has given me letters of credit for the existing Government in France, so that I must deal with the men who compose it, without discussing whether it be legitimate or not. I may have my own views and my own personal and strong convictions; but as the Holy Father's ambassador, I must remain a stranger to all party politics, nor can I conspire against the Government, who would then have the right to send me my passports, which is exactly what the Pope has told me to avoid. . . . Look at the evils produced by the *Kulturkampf* in Germany! you wish for a similar catastrophe in France, but are you sure of the result? What would become of the souls of the people without bishops or priests, when the budget for public worship would have ceased to exist? when, in your colonies, Catholics would be no longer protected or supported, and other powers would take your place; when you could no longer give a penny to the Pope or to the Propagation of the Faith, for all the money you could scrape together would be insufficient for the urgent needs of the parishes at home?" His programme, in fact, consisted in this: To persuade the Republican Government to maintain the Concordat, the budget of public worship, and diplomatic relations with the Holy See; to induce them to nominate good bishops—in a word, to ensure the safety of the Church in France, by proving to the most hostile spirits that a rupture with Rome would be fatal to the interests of the Republic, especially in these days. Did he succeed? Six years have elapsed since he left Paris, and all the points we have mentioned have been secured or, at any rate, maintained until now. A noted Italian, hearing the accusations against

the Nuncio, went to Cardinal Nina, and asked him what he thought. The Secretary of State replied: "Believe me, the Paris Nuncio is doing neither more nor less than his duty. Those who attack him are entirely in the wrong, for by so doing they attack the Pope himself. Mgr. Czacki is exactly following out his instructions."

The Nuncio disapproved strongly of the policy of abstention on the part of good Catholics in the present crisis. We were with him when the tidings came of the resignation of upwards of three hundred and fifty of the French magistrates, who gave up their posts and their emoluments rather than carry out the iniquitous decrees of the Republican Government. So far from being pleased, he was sad and depressed, and said: "*C'est très beau: mais ce n'est pas la guerre!*" and added: "The Minister of the Interior has just been here, and said to me: 'Your good Catholic friends have done me a very good turn; I have three hundred and fifty places to give away!' Have you considered who will replace them?" On another occasion a young diplomat was telling him that he was about to refuse a post in the Embassy to the Vatican at Rome, not choosing to serve under the present French Government. "And so you would leave the Holy Father in the hands of his enemies without making any effort to help him!" exclaimed the Nuncio; and then, calmly giving him his reasons, he persuaded his young friend to accept the place.

We must not imagine, however, that the majority of French Catholics were against him. The French Episcopate found in him their staunchest defender, and all the most enlightened of the French Catholic politicians were convinced of the greatness and importance of his task, and admired the ability and tact with which he carried it out. The great services which he rendered to the Church in France, are known but to few; but a day will come when they will be estimated at their true value.

Appointed Cardinal in 1883, he returned to Rome; but so broken in health that he had to be carried into the Hall of the Consistory to receive his hat. But his energy triumphed once more over his illness, and after a year of great suffering he was able to undertake the fresh duties laid upon him. As a member of several Congregations, he took an active part in their deliberations, and rendered many signal services to the Holy See. He had great faith in moderation: he used

to say that violence spoilt the best cause, and though he never would give up a principle, he thought that one should be large-minded in its application. "Society is hastening onwards towards democracy," he would say. "However much one may deplore it, one cannot deny it. The important thing is to put oneself at the head of this democracy, to guide it, and, if possible, make it Christian. Whoever should succeed in doing this would be able to make of it what he pleased. And who could do it better than the Church, which alone, Gospel in hand, could give satisfaction to the just demands of the people?" He strongly condemned the policy of inaction among good Catholics, and often quoted the words of Cardinal Manning: "Abstention is virtually abdication." He used to say that we were in a period of transition, and that only those who had laboured most and fought best would come out well and triumph in the end. "What have you gained by your isolation?" he would say to the Conservative party. "You have only let the enemy gain the upper hand, and have lost all the influence which you might have employed in averting the evils which have come upon your country."

Those who only knew the Cardinal slightly, used to think of him merely as a very clever and talented man of the world, who had embraced the ecclesiastical state for which he had but a slight vocation. A man of high birth, charming in conversation, and full of wit, anecdote, and repartee in Society, he undoubtedly was; but those who knew him more intimately were well aware of the austerity of his private life, and of his extraordinary hardness towards himself. His piety was deep and genuine, his greatest happiness consisted in offering the Holy Sacrifice; and when he came back in an almost dying state from Paris, he refused to see his nearest and dearest friends, so that he might keep the very small amount of strength he had left to go up to the altar daily. The only exception he made was for his confessor, one of the most constant guests of the Palazzo Balestra.<sup>1</sup> We venture to give here an extract from a letter written by him to the author of the notice of the Eucharistic Congress at Fribourg, in 1885, which will give our readers some insight into that inner life of his which was so carefully concealed from ordinary observers. After thanking his friend for his Report, he goes on to say:

<sup>1</sup> The Cardinal's house in Rome.

Ah! if the world did but know, or rather, would but reflect on the inestimable treasure it possesses in the Blessed Eucharist, how much less would it agitate itself about earthly things, and how much more ready it would be to act! . . . Yes, certainly, we must all labour to establish the reign of the Eucharist in society, but it is by individuals that we must begin, and especially by priests. . . . One single Mass said with a full consciousness of what It represents and what It *is*, is worth more than all the powers of the earth. And nothing makes me more indignant than when I hear people say constantly, "that we cannot overcome our enemies, for they can dispose of every illicit means to carry their ends, while we can only make use of legitimate ones." One would really believe that they think the power of the devil is greater than that of God, and that Satan is stronger than Jesus Christ! It is a grave error, which they use to dispense themselves from acting; or to incriminate others, instead of striving to sanctify themselves. . . . When one has the Blessed Sacrament, I feel one needs nothing else, and that it is one's greatest happiness to live with It, by It, and for It! . . .

The length of this article forbids our multiplying the examples of his burning love and charity both to God and man, and of the warmth and generosity of his heart towards all who suffered. Those whom he aided in the saddest moments of their lives, those to whom he brought supreme consolations even on the very eve of his death, are the broken-hearted and living witnesses of the exquisite delicacy of feeling, and the infinite resources of his tact and goodness, whereby this eminent servant of the Church sanctified his own soul, and those of all around him. Inscrutable are the ways of God. A slight increase of a pain to which he was subject, a remedy carelessly given, or imprudently applied, brought to a sudden close a life still in its prime,<sup>1</sup> so valuable to the Church and to the Pontiff. But his example remains, and he, whose loss we so deeply lament, will, we trust, have brought about by his counsels the realization of the work he had most at heart—the regeneration of society by the action of the Holy See.

<sup>1</sup> He was only fifty-three when he died.

### *Maria-Laach : past and present.*

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THE ordinary English traveller who simply sails in the steamer up and down the Rhine, has but a very partial knowledge of the glories that surround that beauteous river. Richly wooded hills and picturesque valleys, watered by silver streams, lie in abundance behind those vine-clad hills, past which many a tourist sails, with a satisfied conviction that he has seen all that is to be seen of the glories of Rhineland, ignorant of the countless treasures hidden away out of his sight. But as you sail from Bonn to Coblenz, stop with me, O traveller, at the little town of Brohl, and make your way along a narrow valley, through which a stream called the Brohlbach flows down into the Rhine, and I will promise you a walk of which the quiet beauty will well repay you for turning aside from the tourist-frequented river. You will pass up a richly wooded defile bearing traces of volcanic formation, between hills which now come sheer down upon the road, now are broken up by picturesque terraces, where the industry of the good Rhinelanders have planted vineyards wherever it was possible to do so. At the present time you find in the valley, strewn on every side, traces of the desolation wrought by the flood of last July. Bridges broken down, embankments swept away, trees torn up by the roots, mark the desolation wrought by that fatal inundation, which came suddenly and unexpectedly like a deluge from Heaven. The valley is in some parts disfigured by the stone mills established for the working of the tufo stone, or *trass*. This stone, which is of volcanic origin, is very friable and full of holes, but when broken in the mills, mixed with water and pressed together, it makes a solid composite which is far cheaper and more lasting for building purposes than the ordinary hewn stone.

A walk of an hour will take you to the village of Wassenach, and another half-hour will bring you to the rich woods which encircle the Lake of Laach, or Laacher See, which we are about



to visit. Or, if you are not fond of travelling on foot, turn off at Andernach from the main-line, or from the boat, and mount up by one of the steepest of steep railways to be found north of Switzerland, to the little town of Niedermendig, noted for its stone-quarries. The journey from Andernach to Niedermendig is a very slow one, as there is a steep gradient, and nearly an hour is occupied in going about ten miles. The country around the rail is flat, or rather is a sort of uninteresting slope, as you find yourself gradually rising to a height of some five hundred feet, and gaining at every moment clearer views of villages and hamlets, and broken strips of corn and potatoes and yellow lupins and various domestic vegetables decorating the fields, while the Rhine, far away in the distance, can be here and there discerned for a moment. Arrived at Niedermendig, you have a walk of some three miles before you arrive at Laach. Perhaps some obliging charioteer will generously offer to take you there for four marks,<sup>1</sup> and if you reject his offer, will make fresh proposals in a gradually descending scale, until at length he will conclude a bargain for half the sum originally demanded, and will be thankful if you add a few groschen as a *pourboire*. But as you approach to the Laacher See the scene changes, the ugly flat fields are left behind, and you find yourself mounting an easy ascent amid hills covered with oaks and beeches, larches and firs, maples and plane trees, from the top of which you see lying before you, in all the stillness of its quiet beauty, the smiling Laacher See. It occupies a volcanic basin some four miles long and two miles broad. All around, save to the west, the hills rise up almost sheer out of the lake, and are thickly clad with the trees of which we have just spoken.

Beautiful indeed, and picturesque, is the lake, as it lies basking under the summer sun, or silver-rippling in the calm moonlight. So quiet too and peaceful! Just the very place for a religious house, breathing an air of cheerful sunny happiness, not unmixed with the restraint which the surrounding hills betoken, girding it in with their tree-clad heights. And not only quiet and peaceful, but beautiful in its reflection of the heaven above, and in this too suggesting to the meditative mind what should be the aim of every Christian, and especially of those who make religious perfection the one aim of their lives. May we carry our thoughts still further in the same

<sup>1</sup> A mark is of the value of about a shilling.

direction, and see in the brief storms which from time to time trouble the surface of the lake, an image of the trials and persecutions which all those who consecrate themselves to the service of God are sure to suffer from within or without, while the depths, which ever remain untroubled by the storms above, tell of the underlying peace of the soul devoted to God, a peace which no tempest can disturb, no fury of the enemies of God destroy? But we must not venture too far in imaginations such as these. It is with the material lake that we are concerned, and we cannot do better than quote a description of it from a letter written by Dorothea von Schlegel, Mendelssohn's daughter, in the year 1808. It is perhaps a little highly-coloured, and what the Germans would call *hoch poetisch*, but it is, nevertheless, well worthy of quotation :

Yesterday evening [she writes], in the bright moonlight, all my thoughts were back at the Laacher See. It came before me shining like silver amid the great oaks and beeches on the hills which lay around and over the wondrous lake. I seemed to be looking down into an emerald sea, where each stroke of the oars brought up from the golden depths a string of the most precious pearls, while the waves played and curled as it were with sparkling silver on their crest, and the blue heaven shone therein, and the tall trees on the shores saw themselves reflected in it. Gold, emeralds, pearls, silver, blue and green, were all united in undescribable brightness and depth, yet all distinct and separate. There came before me, too, those rocks overgrown with wood, and the lake five miles long and three miles broad, which very clearly shows traces of a volcanic eruption, and the thick wood, with its ancient trees, so that all its past as far as it was known to me, or I can imagine it, came before me as if it were but yesterday. Then, in the midst of the lake, is a depth disappearing beneath the sight, and there is a story attributing to this spot a bottomless abyss, which never sends back its prey to the light of day. Here a strong wind often blows, which drives up waves which are fairly high. There is, too, the abbey on the shore, with the old church, with its traces of men and human art, which once more restores our peace, and frees the soul from its astonishment and terror. All this you must see. I have the best will in the world to describe it to you, but it is no use.<sup>1</sup>

It is on the open ground to the left that lies the object of our special interest, the church and monastery of Laacher See. The church alas! despoiled, and the monastery deserted,

<sup>1</sup> *Dorothea von Schlegel, Briefwechsel. i. pp. 292, 3.*

but yet most interesting even in its desolation. Before we enter the church, for thither we will first turn our steps, let us glance at the early history of Laach.

Eight hundred years ago the whole country round Laach was still one great forest, in the midst of which uprose the castle of the Count Palatine, Henry the Second, who was known by the name of the Lord of the Lake (*Dominus de Lacu*). His castle has now disappeared, and left scarce a trace behind. But its Lord has earned the eternal gratitude of Rhineland as the founder of one of the noblest and most renowned abbeys in the country. He and the Lady Adelheid his wife had long entertained the pious idea of founding a religious house within their domain, but could not decide on the best position for it. At length (so runs the story) God revealed to them by a sign from Heaven where it was to be built. One night as they looked out from their castle windows, they saw the lake and all the wooded heights around illumined by a light from Heaven. But on one spot a brilliancy of light was centred, which marked it out from the rest of the landscape. On the west side of the lake the shore slopes away with a far more gradual ascent than elsewhere, leaving an open space between the lake and the hills behind it. Here it was that a perfect blaze of light streamed down from above, eclipsing by its dazzling brilliancy the softer light around. It was clear to the pious couple that this vision must have some meaning, and they took it as an indication that it was the will of God that there their cloister was to be built. Accordingly it was founded in 1093 as a Benedictine Monastery, though it was not until more than sixty years later that the church was consecrated by the Archbishop of Treves, in whose diocese it was then situate. The church was dedicated to the Blessed Family, Blessed Mary, and St. Nicolas. Hence it was called *Maria Laach*, as claiming our Lady for its patroness.

As we approach the church we find the usual Prussian police notice: "This church is the property of the Prussian Government. It is forbidden to enter it unless accompanied by the keeper of the church." The keeper is, of course, a Prussian official, who has charge of the woods around, which are also the property of the Government. We at length obtain an entrance, and are able at our leisure to examine what is one of the best and purest specimens of the Roman style to be found in Rhineland. Alas, as we enter all is bare

and desolate. The Goths have laid their sacrilegious hands upon the temple of God. *Deus venerunt gentes in hereditatem tuam.* Once the church was decorated with mural paintings, some of which can be still faintly discerned, but most are hidden under the barbarian whitewash. Once it was full of many altars, where the Holy Sacrifice was daily offered, but now altar there is none. Yet is not that an altar under the chancel arch? Yes, reader, an altar of these modern Goths. The utter barrenness of the building smote the conscience even of Prussian officials, and so a Protestant architect designed an altar. Approach it, and you will see how miserable a caricature it is. There is a reredos of carved wood, and in the centre a sort of tabernacle. The whole structure is thoroughly Protestant. Somehow no Catholic could have produced such a travesty of ecclesiastical art. Go nearer, and you will see that what is supposed to be the tabernacle opens from the wrong side, and, moreover, the tabernacle-door, when it is opened, sweeps over the whole centre part of the altar. The general effect of the whole, as seen from a distance, is utterly unsuited to the character of the building.

But is there nothing beside this miserable parody of an altar left in the church? No, all is gone. The Revolution stripped this, like so many other sanctuaries, completely bare. The bells, the organ, the stalls, the church furniture, all is gone, sold here and there by the authority of the intruders. Even the oaken beams of the roof were cut away for sale, till the bulging walls gave warning that the whole building would speedily be a ruin, and so the mischief was in part repaired by a fresh supply of rafters, partly by iron stanchions stretched across the church from side to side.

All this is the work of so-called modern civilization. The wars of mediæval times had not interfered with the peace and prosperity of the Benedictine monastery and church that the piety of the Prince Henry and Adelheid his wife had founded. For more than seven hundred years it continued to flourish. When the storm of the Reformation burst over Europe, Rhineland was in great measure exempted from its destructive violence. The monastery of Maria Laach had indeed a narrow escape, but escape it did, and continued to send up continually its prayer and praise without interruption for another three hundred years, until the victorious Napoleon occupied the possessions of the

Electoral Prince and Bishop of Treves, and drove out the pious occupants of the Laacher See.

We have an interesting glimpse into the monastic life at Laach during this period, as well as of the general conditions of life in Germany in mediæval times, in the autobiography of a certain John Butzbach, a merry witty fellow, who lived at the beginning of the sixteenth century. During his early life he learned the trade of a tailor, and wandered for some years up and down the country, but being anxious to save his soul, when he was about twenty years old he took refuge in the cloister. He first entered as a lay-brother at the monastery of Johannisberg, but the sight of the scholastics and priests stirred in him a strong desire to study for the priesthood. The younger scholastics found this out, and secretly advised him to go and study at Deventer. One of the old monks whom he took for counsellor seems to have given him the same advice. So off set this enterprising young gentleman, in spite of the objections of the Abbot, who prophesied no success to his ambitious project. At Deventer he set to work at his Latin right manfully, but alas! hunger soon drove him away from his beloved studies. He was forced to return to his convent, where, in spite of his neglect of the Abbot's advice, he was received back on condition that he should give up all idea of study. This he tried to do as best he could, but somehow he was not satisfied. As good luck would have it, he accompanied the Abbot one day to Frankfort, and there met his mother, who had heard he had become a lay-brother,<sup>1</sup> to her great disappointment. She was an ambitious old lady, and evidently thought (and rightly as the event proved) that her son was called to a more intellectual career. So (says John) she ran about all day at the Abbot's heels (*war sie hinter dem Abt her*) to obtain from him permission for John to study for the priesthood. But the Abbot turned a deaf ear to all her entreaties. The persevering old lady was not to be defeated, so she gave her son some money, and arranged with him that, as soon as he got home to the monastery, he should go off to his studies, the Abbot notwithstanding.

John took the money and went home, but when the time

<sup>1</sup> The word in the original is "Lollharde," which appears to have been the common name among the peasantry of Rhineland for lay-brother. At the present day the word "Beguine," says the editor of the biography, is similarly used to designate a nun.

came to ask permission to depart he had not the courage to do so, and submitting to what he regarded as the will of God, once more made up his mind to remain a Brother. As is often the case, this act of resignation was speedily followed by the granting of the desire of his heart. The Abbot of his own accord came to him and told him he might do whatever he regarded as most conducive to his welfare. "Thereon" (we quote the words of the autobiography) "quite ashamed, I confessed my burning love of knowledge, and the longing of my heart after the higher ranks of the Order." Then said the Abbot, "Off with you, then, in God's name, and stand steadfast in your good resolve. Your mother's wish shall be granted. With zeal and constancy go to your studies and complete them. Then come back, and the doors of this house shall be open to you."

We cannot follow the history of the boy's fortunes, which he tells with a beautiful simplicity, and at the same time with an indescribable sense of humour. He goes home for a time to get together some money for his studies. Here a strange tragedy occurs. His father insists on his mother handing over to him some particular coin that she much valued. The obstinate woman refuses, and a battle-royal is the result. In the struggle the woman is soundly drubbed (*mit heftigkeit geprügelt*) by her husband, and some of the hair torn out of her head. John and the rest of his brothers and sisters cannot bear to see their mother thus treated before their eyes, and a sort of free fight ensues, in which John drags his mother away from under her gentle spouse's trampling feet. Bitterly weeping he leaves the house, full of sorrow at the thought of the mischief that had ensued from his foolish desire after the higher studies, and once more he makes up his mind to give up all thought of being a priest. But as he walks along in sadness of heart, his father comes after him, now thoroughly repentant of his violence, begs his pardon, entreats him in God's name not to give up his design, and hands over to him the unlucky coin which was the cause of the affray. John takes it for peace sake, but secretly gives it back to his mother (who, woman like, is rather pleased at having been subdued), as he steps on board the boat that is to take him down the Maine. He arrives at Deventer, and there, after many adventures, pursues his studies with great success, and at length bethinks him of returning to his convent at Johannisberg.



But just at this moment there arrived at Deventer the Father Procurator of the Convent of the Island of Niederwerth by Coblenz, with a commission to look out for young students who were desirous to consecrate themselves to God in religion and to pursue their higher studies in some convent. But three weeks brought not a single postulant. He went home disappointed, but soon returned, and this time wisely consulted the Rector of the University, and asked his concurrence and aid in his pious quest. The Rector kindly fell in with his wishes, came to the different schoolrooms, and spoke in favour of the Benedictine Order, and especially of the Convent of Laach. But all was in vain. The time of year was very unfortunate. The students had just paid their fees for the term, and also had arranged for their board and lodging in the houses of the town. Besides, the weather was very bad for travelling.

But the good Procurator, though he went away disappointed, had not departed without gaining some fruit from his visit. John and another student had listened to his words, and, when opportunity offered, they did not forget the praises of Laach. In a word, on December 18, 1500, they found themselves at the door of Laach, and John entering in, followed his guide into the church, where he exclaimed: "This is my rest for ever; here will I dwell, for I have chosen it."<sup>1</sup> His companion, however, did not echo his words, but as soon as he got out of the church, burst out into a violent fit of laughter. John rather envied him these merry fits, but in this case it does not seem to have been a very good sign, for not many days after they were clothed, the said companion rebelled against the various contradictions and trials to which the new postulants were subjected, and went off to his home and his friends; but afterwards, being uneasy in conscience at what he had done, he entered a Convent of the Capuchins near Worms.

John happily persevered. After remaining three days in the guest house, he was received into the community. At first he was so happy that he thought himself in Paradise. But this first fervour was, as usual, of no long duration. The storms of temptation soon beset him, made him sad and troubled, and caused him almost to regret his entrance into religion. All his joy turned to sorrow. More than once the Devil laid a trap for him to rob him of his vocation, persecuting him (as is his wont with almost every novice in a religious order) with all

<sup>1</sup> Psalm cxxxi, 14.

kinds of evil suggestions and illusions, some causing him disgust at his present life, others enticing him with most attractive representations of the freedom and happiness to be enjoyed in the world outside—now placing before him a terrible picture of the hardships and contradictions, the dulness and monotony of a religious life—now promising him every sort of good fortune and prosperity if only he would leave the cloister. "If I had not known Satan's tricks by experience," says our ingenuous youth, "I am very much afraid I should have allowed myself to be caught by them, like my companion, for I was utterly and completely miserable when he forsook the monastery, and I remained alone. I began almost to waver in my resolution, and I thought I too must be off. Indeed, I really should not have persevered, had it not been for the Procurator (Schaffner) who had accompanied us to the house. It had come to his ears that my companion had bolted, and he came, I believe by God's inspiration, to comfort me. So too came the Prior, and my Master of Novices, and some other of the brethren who were specially well inclined to me, and with comfortable speech quite took to heart my troubles and temptations, and rescued me from my danger with loving speeches and pious prayers in my behalf."

From this time, in spite of the temptations that beset him, and the suggestion that came to him continually that he came into religion on the impulse of self-will and not in accordance with the will of God, he nevertheless persevered with brave endurance (*hielt ich aus in männlicher Geduld*), and so at length he arrived at his Profession, and was received into the "holy Society" of Laach. And here we have a testimony to the happy condition of the Convent and the high standard that prevailed among those good Benedictines. We make no apology for translating the passage; for who can read it without seeing that it is the genuine and heartfelt language of one who speaks from his own personal experience, and whose beautiful simplicity of character and manly piety make his words of double worth?

"Is not that," says John, writing after long experience of the monastery, "indeed a holy society which lives according to the Rule in all its requirements, which perseveres in all the statutes and prescriptions of the Fathers, where the Brothers not only exactly and joyfully obey the Superiors and the Prior, but also are subject one to another in mutual charity, and

serve God unceasingly in the bond of peace? Is not that rightly called a holy society which is ruled by an Abbot of such high prudence, such great nobility and such exemplary conduct, which alone is of more value than the highest nobility? —an Abbot, I say, who shows himself worthy of his name by a life exactly ordered according to the Rule, who, without respect of persons, guides the flock committed to his care, thinking only of their good and far removed from any lust of power. Great must his virtue be, since from him, as from the head, all the members derive increase of health and strength of soul, so that one can see that his abundance overflows and communicates itself to his subjects. All have access to him—to all he is hearty and affectionate, to all condescending and fatherly, and seems to have no other care than for the welfare of his children and the honour of God. Must not that be a holy society that has the privilege of serving God under such an Abbot?"

"Happy brethren indeed! of whom one is distinguished by his silence, another by his zeal as a teacher, a third by skilful copying, a fourth by his learned dictation, this one by his skill in Psalmody, that one by his pious contemplation and his unceasing prayers! One again is remarkable for his conscientious obedience, another makes himself useful to the convent by his industry in conducting the business committed to him, a third rejoices in the solitude of his cell and desires never more to go outside the cloister, a fourth finds his pleasure in writing out fresh copies of books, a fifth in carefully correcting and amending what is written; one is adorned by deep humility, another by a wondrous spirit of love. This one perseveres in patience, that one earns the affections of his fellows by his gentleness and modesty, another is honoured for his abstemiousness, another for his kindly nature, another is conspicuous for his watchful charity and piety, another for his spirit of decision and his gift of prudent counsel; one is a gray-headed old man, another is in the bloom of youth, each has his own distinguishing gift which specially adorns him. Who is there, who, when he sees his convent decorated with these various virtues, like flowers without number, can help regarding it as an earthly Paradise, wherein terrestrial angels, bedecked with the gifts of the Holy Ghost, live and move? Who is not compelled to be enchanted with such a house and chained to it with a magnetic charm? O happy, exceeding happy is a convent, not to call it as one more truly might, a Paradise, which has the good

fortune to have for Superior such an Abbot as I have described, with such a fatherly heart for all the brethren! Happy, exceedingly happy therein, that it nurtures and shelters such dwellers therein, adorned with God's best gifts!"

Then follows a description of the beauty of the buildings, the gloriously built church, the dormitory, cloisters, chapter-house, library, guest-house, workshops, &c., all of which are dear to the heart of this faithful son of St. Benedict. Other convents he has seen and admired, many in number and glorious to behold, but (we quote him once again) "nowhere have I found one like to this our cloister of Laach, in its wondrous architecture. Well may there be many richer convents: but one more splendid and more strong, more attractively and peacefully situate, I have never seen."

After this he describes one by one the seven monks and two lay-brothers whom he found in the convent when he joined it. Of each he gives a very short and interesting account, one, moreover, that testifies to the high virtue of each and all of the happy inmates of Laach. Such testimony as that of good John Butzbach is quite unanswerable, and none can read the pages of his most interesting autobiography without learning to love the honest soul of the good monk who penned it.<sup>1</sup> It was indeed a singular privilege that this Benedictine monastery enjoyed of continuing for so many years to be deservedly held in honour by all good Catholics, and to be left undisturbed by the enemies of the Church. Very high must have been the standard of virtue within its walls to earn so rare a privilege. The storms of war, the rage of heretics, the fierce struggles of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, all swept by and left it unharmed. The tomb of its last Abbot, who died in 1801, still may be seen within the Church, and even then it yet enjoyed the peace and prosperity of mediæval times.

But alas! the day of destruction was at hand. In 1802, the victorious armies of Napoleon invaded the Rhineland, and Catholic France, by her sacrilegious intrusion into the sanctuaries of God, laid up a debt that she was afterwards to pay back in the blood of her citizens to Protestant Germany. Napoleon seized on the Convent of Laach, drove out the monks, secularized its property, scattered its church furniture, and sold or gave

<sup>1</sup> The book is entitled, *Chronica eines fahrenden Schülers oder Wanderbüchlein des Johannes Butzbach*. Aus der lateinischen Handschrift übersetzt von D. J. Becker. Regensburg, 1869. It is a translation from the Latin MS. in the Library at Bonn.

away everything that could be carried off. It continued thus desolate until the Treaty of Vienna, when the district that formerly belonged to the Prince-Bishop of Treves was handed over to Prussia. The Prussian Government sold it (all save the church) to one of its agents for a small sum, and it remained in occupied, and the church still empty and desolate in the hands the possession of this family for sixty years, the buildings un- of its Protestant possessor.

In this condition it remained till 1863, when it awoke to new life. But we must postpone its more recent history till our next number.

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*The Slave Ship.*

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CAPTAIN PHILLIPS, PORTSMOUTH, 1694.

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BROWN-EYED, brown-haired, and brown of hand,  
Broad-backed, and broad of chest,  
He stood upon the Portsmouth beach  
And gazed towards the west  
Where the red sun sank gloriously  
Beneath the ocean's crest.

"From far or near, O mariner,  
Hast thou returned to-day?  
And hast thou seen the rolling surf  
In some far Afric bay?  
And any ventures hast thou had  
With wreck or castaway?"

"Come, tell, I pray, what thou hast seen;  
Some news of thee I'd learn!"  
His furrowed face grew sorrowful  
His look was sad and stern,  
And in his eyes the lurid light  
Of fearful thought did burn.

"No tale of wonder do I know,  
Nor have I aught to tell  
Of what these three years I have seen:  
And yet I know full well  
That in my heart there burns a flame  
As fierce as that of Hell.



"Is this indeed the Portsmouth strand?  
Are those the Portsmouth chimes  
Whose music oft these ears have heard  
In unfamiliar climes  
Ringing across the wild, wild waste  
As in my boyhood's times?

"Alas, but with their music comes  
A sound I knew not then;  
Asleep, awake, on sea or land,  
'Tis always there; and when  
It fills my ears I know myself  
An outcast amongst men.

"Hark! what was that which rang close by?  
Right well that sound I know.  
'Tis in my ears or night or day  
Wherever I may go:  
That fearful cry that peals to Heaven  
In tones of awful woe.

"'Twas in the merry month of June  
We rode in Whydah Bay:  
Along the coast the orange groves  
In golden beauty lay,  
And just beyond the swelling hills  
The swamps of Dahomey.

"Four hours each day we went on shore  
And trafficked on the beach  
For fellow-men whose anxious ears  
Knew nothing of our speech,  
But whose sad eyes a language spake  
Which God alone can teach.

" They came in droves from out the land,  
The old man and the child ;  
The mother with her sucking babe  
That all unconscious smiled  
Not knowing that its lot was cast  
'Mongst savage men and wild.

" By two and two we pinioned them  
Beneath God's blessed light,  
And stored them 'bout the frigate's decks  
In any place we might.  
Our ship, so help me Heaven, did hold  
Eight hundred souls that night !

" (Eight hundred souls in room for one !)  
And so we sailed away  
With cargo of our fellow-men  
Whom men had made their prey ;  
And the sharks that watched us put from shore  
Came after us alway.

" We drifted 'neath the blazing line  
Before a sluggish wind,  
And still the sun poured fiercely down  
Where none a shade could find ;  
And as we crept along, the sharks  
Came steadily behind.

" Ah, God, the fearful heat and thirst,  
The dry and sapless air,  
The longing for a cooling stream  
For sight of meadows fair,  
When all we saw was rainless sky  
And ocean everywhere !

" And suddenly the east wind dropped.  
And still as death we stood  
Beneath the blazing sun whose heat  
Did crack the very wood,  
And from our decks there pealed a cry  
That froze the heart's hot blood.

" Three weeks we lay upon the line  
With ne'er a breath of air  
And ne'er a movement of the sea  
Save some scant ripple where  
We threw a festering body out  
To the sharks that waited there.

" And O the sights atween our decks  
That made the quick flesh creep!  
The maddened eyes that rolled and stared  
And never closed in sleep  
And started from the burning head  
And yet no tear could weep.

" And then across the bulwarks strong  
A ghastly form drew nigh  
With Famine written on its brow  
And Madness in its eye;  
And yet some souls upon that ship  
Thought more to live than die.

" I see them now between the decks  
Their faces fierce and pale.  
And some there were who gnawed their flesh  
That life might not yet fail,  
And every now and then to Heaven  
Uprose that awful wail.

*The Slave Ship.*

"It rings within my heart and brain  
Wherever I may be,  
And only God in Heaven can tell  
If there is hope for me  
Who saw eight hundred captives die  
Upon the burning sea."

The sun has dropped beyond the sea,  
The night comes slowly down  
And from the solitary beach  
I see the hills that crown  
The Hampshire wolds, and, far beneath,  
The lights of Portsmouth town.

J. S. FLETCHER.

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## *The Old Philosophy and the Atomic Theory.*

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ONE of the chief difficulties in the way of the Peripatetic doctrine about the nature of matter is its presumable opposition to the facts and the science of chemistry. To inquire into the grounds of this presumption is the object of the present article. We shall not attempt to prove that there is no opposition whatever between our system of philosophy and chemistry as a received science. Our contention is twofold. First, that this opposition is not as grave as it might appear. Secondly, that the tendency of science is rather towards a diminution of the difficulty than contrariwise.

One advantage that belongs to Aristotle's explanation of the ultimate constituents of bodies is that it is perfectly definite as far as it goes. It leaves room indeed for a good deal of speculation as to the nature both of matter and of its substantial form, of their union and the other relations subsisting between them. Again, it allows great latitude for physical and mathematical inquiry as to the activities that spring from the substantial form. But so far as it pretends to supply us with a real analysis of the essence of all bodies, it gives, whether rightly or wrongly, a clear and well-defined conception of that essence.

But we submit that so much can hardly be said for any of the conceptions of material substance which are presented in the current literature of chemistry. Those conceptions we have grouped together in our heading under the general title of the Atomic Theory. For they all seem to agree in considering matter to be an aggregation of constant and indivisible units which are called atoms. But when the nature of these atoms comes to be discussed, we find that we are either left in a state of considerable haziness, or else that we are asked to choose between conceptions which are not merely independent of each other, but even mutually destructive.

It would be an endless task and one not to our purpose

to classify all the varieties of view as to the nature of atoms. They may be pretty well reduced to two principal varieties, namely, the mechanical and the dynamical views, or those which postulate respectively atoms of *mass* and atoms of *force*. It may appear that these two notions are capable of being combined without having recourse to the Peripatetic theory. But we are considering the scientific theories and tendencies which are actually at work, and especially in England; and there is little doubt that both the supporters of the mechanical, and those of the dynamical theories, put them forward so as to exclude each other. The reason for this will be plain if we consider the two theories a little closer.

The mechanical theory, of which Dr. Tyndall is a strenuous advocate, and which he calls "the mechanically-intelligible theory of Dalton," is, we believe, far more generally received in this country than any other. Upon it is based Mr. Huxley's definition of materialism, from which we set out, namely, that "all phenomena are resolvable into matter and motion;" and it is accordingly the theory which we are chiefly endeavouring to combat. It supposes matter to consist of infinitely small and infinitely hard particles, which are in all other respects (and especially as to extension) much like the masses of matter of which we have sensible perception. These particles, or atoms of mass, have no inherent activities or powers of motion, but they are perpetually subject to local motion of extreme velocity and complexity. Where this motion comes from is left out of the question; it exists, and is in the long run incapable of increase or diminution. Professor Herschel has described<sup>1</sup> this doctrine vividly as "one that resolves the entire assemblage of natural phenomenon into the mere knocking about of an incalculable number of inconceivably minute billiard balls (or cubes, or tetrahedrons if that be preferred), which, once set in motion and abandoned to their mutual encounters and impacts, work out the totality of natural phenomena."

Now the dynamical theory is the reverse of all this. Instead of solid particles, with definite mass, shape, and size, it recognizes only centres of force. Instead of extended bodies, we have discrete mathematical points, dotted about in space; and instead of impacts, influence exerted at a distance. Before we were in the presence of atoms devoid of all intrinsic activity, now they consist of activity, and of it alone. This view, even

<sup>1</sup> *Familiar Lectures on Scientific Subjects*, p. 463.



in its most pronounced form, is not without supporters among our more eminent scientific men. But it is far from being a dominant view. It is rather a choice hobby of esoteric circles, than an established principle in the schools of science. There is indeed a good deal of vague appealing to "force" as to a sort of secret agency that will explain all mysteries (as probably it will if you are sufficiently hazy about the meaning of the word). So we are told that matter and motion are both reducible to "force," and much more of the same sort. But as soon as anything like a definite dynamical theory of corporeal existence is formulated, the average mind shrinks instinctively from accepting it. Very likely Professor Tait (who wishes to see the very word "force" expunged from scientific literature), has only expressed the common view by calling the dynamical theory "a mathematical figment."

And yet we cannot help thinking that this view, "mathematical figment" though it be, has many advantages as compared with the mechanical theory. Let its possibility be once granted, and there is very little of phenomena (at least of the phenomena of inorganic bodies), which it will not explain. Hardness, elasticity, gravity, cohesion, vibration, capillary force, chemical affinity, can all be expressed in terms of attraction and repulsion. Given an indefinite number of centres of force, to be arranged at will; and all the rest (though no doubt a very complicated problem) is only a matter of time and patience.

Compared with this conception, which has a sort of grandeur about its simplicity, how childish, how imbecile, appears "the knocking about of the incalculable number of the inconceivably minute billiard balls!" Make them as many as you like, and as small as you like, how does that help me to understand their nature? I want to know why chalk is not cheese; and you tell me—Because chalk is in reality powdered chalk in a state of confusion horrible to imagine, and cheese is ditto ditto. This is divine philosophy, but as for metaphysics—why, they have been improved off the face of the earth. No! Dr. Tyndall, you have pulverized your chalk, but it remains chalk for all that. Again, why should your atoms knock one another about? You tell me I must presuppose that they have got motion somehow. Well, let me suppose it, but why should they be able to impart their motion? Remember impact will not do without elasticity, and that you have not accounted for. Must it be presupposed also? I might ask you for some

further explanation of the delicate laws of the oscillatory movement which you suppose your atoms to possess; for the reason of the movements of our own planet and the other heavenly bodies; for some account of the nature of gravitation, magnetic force, electric currents generated by induction (not to speak of vital phenomena), for which, as for many other things which are well known of everybody, your billiard balls will prove but a sorry hypothesis.

How then are we to account for the popularity of the mechanical theory? The reason is not far to seek. It is not only simple (for so is its less fortunate rival, the dynamical theory), but it is easily grasped by the imagination. Of course it is jejune to a degree as to any legitimate deductions that may be drawn from it; but in itself, it is more than reasonable. The knocking about of billiard balls is a pastime that we are all perfectly familiar with, and the question of their number and size does not in fact effect the mental picture that we draw of the atoms. For although we reason about an incalculable number, and an inconceivable minuteness, we do not attempt to include these features in our imaginary portrait, any more than we attempt to count all the bees of an imaginary swarm, or all the men in an imaginary battalion.

Now cast back another glance at dynamism. As we have hinted, the objection to it is of a converse nature. The theory is most fertile of results, but impossible of conception. Not merely of imagination, for to use that argument would be of course to cut our own throats. No one can *imagine* either *materia prima* or its substantial form. But the centres of force to which the dynamists would reduce all phenomena can be neither imagined nor clearly defined. Either they are true points without extension of any sort, and then you have an explicit contradiction in terms. For a true mathematical point is nothing but an abstraction of the mind, and can have no real existence apart from all further existence. Or else they consist of force which is extended from and round its centre, but without anything distinct from itself to which it belongs. Now force, say an attractive force, can be considered either as a cause or as an effect. That is to say, we can think of something that drags, and of something else that is being dragged. But how can we think of an attraction, a *dragging*, which is apart, by itself, without anything to drag, or anything to be dragged? We can imagine a horse dragging a cart by

a rope up a hill. Now suppose the rope to vanish, not into thin air, not into any medium intangible and imponderable, but into absolute nothingness. Everything is gone, except the cart, the horse, and a *tendency* to move which affects the cart, and yet is not in the cart, nor in the horse, nor in anything, but exists in and by itself. If you can grasp this idea, if you can localize this disembodied *tendency* in a mathematical point, and make it subject to other similar *tendencies*; if you can suppose it to be absolutely indefinite in its sphere of influence; you have the notion of a dynamical unit of force. If you can believe, not only in the possibility of such "centres of force," but in their actual existence, and if you can believe that all that we call substance is a mere aggregation of such centres, and that everything else whatever is a mere figment of the mind, you are then a supporter of the dynamical theory of matter. After all, is this not a very chimerical conception of nature? And if the extension of bodies—the only one of their attributes which is the common object of our senses—is a purely subjective phenomenon, what is to prevent us from lapsing into perfect idealism, which after all is only another name for scepticism?<sup>1</sup> Again, the distinction between matter and spirit, based on the non-extension of the latter, will be lost, and it will not be so easy to establish another.

The truth seems to be that there is a certain value in this conception of material substance, and a certain value in the mechanical conception. Both are useful as seeking to express half-truths, but both need their complement in the other. When you seek to synthesize them, you are at least on the way to an acceptance of the Aristotelian theory. For the theory of *mass* errs by attending solely to the characteristics of substance which are on the side of the matter: that of *force*, solely to those which are on the side of the substantial form. We cannot here undertake to prove that the two competing views can only be synthesized in our way. It must suffice to point out that no other synthesis has yet been attempted, at least so as to make any way among either philosophers or men of science: whereas, the fact that our system does make the attempt, at least with notable success, must prove a high recommendation to those who have well weighed the pleas advanced on behalf of the mechanical and the dynamical

<sup>1</sup> This subject was treated in our last article. See THE MONTH for September, 1888.

theories respectively. We should be the last to depress either: they are both equally necessary to our argument. But they must be made to embrace one another.

Suppose, however, that the atomist allows that he cannot arrive at the essence of his atoms, but claims to have established their existence? Is not this fatal to the Peripatetic theory? Surely we may demand in this case that, before we desert a doctrine which is complete in its own way, for the sake of one which is admittedly imperfect, a very clear contradiction between our view and the known truths of science ought to be certainly established. Can such a contradiction be made out? In commencing to give our answer, it may be useful to point out that the question is not whether (inorganic) matter is molecular or molar. That is a very important question, and one about which there may be difference of opinion. That there are molecular constituents of bodies in some sense is quite as certain as that there are in some sense cellular constituents of living bodies.<sup>1</sup> But in neither case does it follow that those constituents are completely distinct and mutually independent. The tendency among the latest and best-informed advocates of Peripateticism is to suppose that as cells are all united by a common vital form, so the molecules of matter are together with their medium informed by a common substantial principle. But we are nowise constrained to defend this view. Many writers, as Fathers Desan and Harper, are willing to admit, at least for argument's sake, that every molecule of matter is a separate substance, and that a wedding ring or a grain of salt is as much an aggregate of distinct entities as is a pinch of snuff.

The war therefore between the atomists and ourselves rages around the constituents of the molecules. We know that different elements are capable of being combined chemically, so that they retain their proper weights and can be again separated as before. This fact and the fixed relation between the combining volumes of gases has led chemists to suppose that chemical combination is a union of atoms to form molecules, closer than ordinary or mechanical union, but not essentially different. In other words, if you burn a diamond in the air and get carbonic acid, the

<sup>1</sup> With the difference, however, that the cells can be ocularly observed, while the molecules are only known by inference. But that does not make them less certain. To take an obvious proof, how could all the finest particles of magnets be polarized, unless they are composed of molecules which are also polarized?

process is expressed as  $C + O = CO_2$ , which means that two atoms of oxygen are closely united to one of carbon to form a molecule of carbonic acid.

The Peripatetic philosopher expresses the same fact in quite different language. He says the forms of C and O have by their mutual action produced in each other new qualities, for the support of which the old forms are unfit; with the result that the old forms give way—they are said to be corrupted, or lost—and that a new form takes their place. This new form is suitable for the new qualities; it is educed from the potency of matter; it is essentially different from the old forms whose place it takes. These expressions may be cumbrous and formidable; they may seem even absurd to those unused to them; they are, however, intended merely to express exactly and scientifically an analysis of facts which is far from absurd. In ordinary language it comes to this—that the C and O have so affected each other as to cause in each other a change which is truly substantial. Hence from them has been produced something essentially new, and in part different from themselves. So that the chemical reaction has not been merely associative (as the atomist philosopher maintains) but in a sense also destructive. We say “in a sense,” because in the processes of nature, there is a constant progression from the lower to the higher. “To die is” always “gain,” though not always for the individual, and in this case though the forms of C and O have been lost, it is only to make way for something better. The  $CO_2$  does not indeed contain the forms—the atoms—of C and O, but it contains all their virtue, and more.

Now we shall not presume to deny that the atomic theory accounts for certain of the facts of the reaction, and in a much simpler manner than the other theory. But the question is not which is the *simpler* theory, but which accounts best for all the facts or for the greater number of them. Some of the most false and arbitrary hypotheses that were ever invented are delightfully simple; as, for instance, that the heavenly bodies move because they are animals, or are impelled by pure spirits. Or again, the doctrine of Berkeley, that nothing exists except mind thinking on itself. The truth is, simplicity is an important element in an hypothesis; but it is neither the only element, nor apart from other considerations the most important. Now it is our contention that, even without overstepping the bounds of chemistry, the atomic theory fails to account satisfactorily for

all the facts. It explains indeed admirably the so-called atomic weights, and the retention by the compound of some of the qualities, as, for instance, many of the spectroscopic lines which belong also to the elements. But are there no new qualities in the compound, for which it fails to give any account? Carbon and oxygen are the two most necessary elements of nutrition. Why is carbonic acid so very deleterious to life? Again, red hematite is a per-oxide of iron ( $\text{Fe}_2 \text{O}_3$ ), but in what are its properties like those of oxygen or of iron? But any amount of likeness in the compound to its elements does not really tell against our view, while any unlikeness tells in its favour. And common sense tells us that even in the simplest chemical combination there is something radically and essentially different from mere mechanical union. But in reality the atomic theory, if it be closely considered, has no explanation of this difference. This is perhaps its weakest point, and the difficulty of course culminates when we come to deal with the more extraordinary complications of the molecules of organic substances. You have only to consider the enormous numbers of atoms that are supposed to be agglomerated together in them<sup>1</sup> to see how weak is the atomic theory when applied to their wonderful structure. Then there are the allotropic forms of sulphur, carbon, &c., which are much more easily accounted for on the supposition of substantial forms than on any other. Now there is the reappearance of the simpler substances under certain conditions; and especially the phenomenon of electrolysis, in which two elements, previously combined chemically, make their appearance simultaneously in different parts of a galvanic cell. Here we readily admit the atomic hypothesis is far simpler and easier than the Peripatetic. But we cannot admit that this argument is in any sense decretorial. It will of course seem to be so to those who do not feel the force of the statement, that the simpler form is contained virtually in the more complex.

This notion wants some thinking over. Its difficulty lies in the impossibility of imagining it. Yet we can help ourselves by many illustrations. If you see two rain-drops coalesce on a window pane, their accidental forms, or outward shapes, are lost and merged in that of a larger drop. Yet who does not see that they *virtually* remain, and might even under favourable

<sup>1</sup> The formulas for linoleic and oleic acids, which occur in the common oils and fats, are respectively  $\text{C}_{16} \text{H}_{28} \text{O}_2$  and  $\text{C}_{18} \text{H}_{34} \text{O}_2$ . These figures are low compared with those of the stearines, which are composed of the same three elements.



conditions reappear? So our concepts remain *virtually* in our minds when we are asleep or distracted. They do not actually exist<sup>1</sup> and yet they may at any moment reappear. So we admit a distinction between animals and vegetables; and yet every animal is a *virtual* vegetable, for there is no single function of vegetable life which the animal does not perfectly perform. So every quadrilateral figure contains *virtually* four right angles, and yet none of its angles can be actually right, unless its opposite sides are equal and parallel, and even then the chances are that none of them will be so. If these principles were borne in mind, it would not be so evident to the atomist philosophers that, because a molecule has the properties of atoms and the capacity of being reduced to atoms, therefore these must remain in the molecule continuously and without any substantial change. However, our task is lightened by the clear and satisfactory admissions of the most eminent chemists on this subject.

Sir Henry E. Roscoe may be cited as an impartial witness in our favour. And who is more competent than he? He writes:<sup>2</sup>

We shall do well to remember that the law of multiple proportions, being founded on experimental facts, stands as a fixed bulwark of the science, which must for ever remain true, whereas the atomic theory by which we now explain this great law, *may possibly in time give place to one more perfectly suited to the explanation of new facts.*

This is satisfactory, but there is more penetration displayed in the following extract from Professor J. P. Cooke:<sup>3</sup>

I wish to declare my belief that the atomic theory, beautiful and consistent as it appears, is only a *temporary expedient for representing the facts of chemistry to the mind.* Although in the present state of the science it gives absolutely essential aid both to investigation and to study, I have the conviction that it is a temporary scaffolding round the imperfect building, which will be removed as soon as its usefulness has passed.

And Sir Benjamin Brodie, formerly Professor of Chemistry in the University of Oxford, goes even further in the same

<sup>1</sup> We are following the doctrine of Suarez, who does not make any *real* distinction between the *verbum mentis* and the act of cognition *in facto esse*.

<sup>2</sup> *Lessons in Elementary Chemistry*, p. 54, (Fifth Edition).

<sup>3</sup> *The New Chemistry*, p. 103.

direction than is at all needful for our purpose, when he says:<sup>1</sup>

I do not think that the atomic theory has *succeeded in constructing an adequate, a worthy, or even a useful representation of the facts.*

It is quite a matter of indifference to our argument, but we should have thought that the hypothesis is extremely useful in representing such of the facts as it does represent. What we have tried to prove is that there are certain facts which it does not and cannot take into account, and that as a final and philosophical explanation of the constituents of bodies it does not fatally contradict our system, even though the inquiry be limited to the sphere of chemistry. The injustice and folly of so limiting the inquiry cannot be too much insisted upon. But we treated it briefly in a former article.<sup>2</sup> We only repeat, we do not depend on any *a priori* considerations. Not merely the phenomena of organic chemistry, but also the nutrition of plants and animals by inorganic matter are quite as clear facts as any of the reactions of the laboratory, and when fairly treated are quite as likely to be of help in leading us to a true knowledge of the nature of matter.

So far we have glanced at the state of the controversy as it regards the science of chemistry in general. It remains to consider some of the later developments and hypotheses of the science, and to indicate how some of the newest phases of modern thought tell rather in our favour than against us.

It is now pretty well established, we believe, among the exponents of molecular sciences, that the actual size and number of molecules in a given volume has been determined—if in a rough sort of way, at least with some sort of approximation to fact. The figures were first suggested<sup>3</sup> by a comparison of the mean distance of molecular movement (according to the kinetic theory of gases) with the supposed molecular volumes of gases. So far the result was very hypothetical, but Sir William Thompson confirmed it by two distinct processes of reasoning, one based on the slender, though double film of a soap-bubble, whose molecules have to resist the force of tension by their own cohesive power, without being reduced to the gaseous state;

<sup>1</sup> *The Chemical News* for August, 1867, p. 72 (quoted by J. B. Stallo in *Concepts of Modern Science*).

<sup>2</sup> See *THE MONTH* for July, 1888, p. 377.

<sup>3</sup> See the last chapters in Professor Tait's interesting work, *Recent Advances in Physical Science*.

the other based on the electrical action between zinc and copper, when powdered exceedingly fine and melted together.

By an average struck from the results of these computations, the size of the molecules was determined to be such that (taking the linear measure) about two million could co-exist within a millimetre. Now, by means of a good microscope, a length of  $\frac{1}{500}$  of a millimetre is discernible, for lines drawn by machinery at such a distance can be in some way distinguished by a practised eye. It follows, therefore, that 500 molecules will occupy a length which is (artificially) visible. A cube of such dimensions ( $500^3$ ) will accordingly contain rather more than 100 million of molecules such as oxygen or nitrogen. Now the argument based on these researches is one of the utmost importance to us. The premisses have not the highest certainty, but probably they have as much certainty as a great deal that is assumed in molecular science, and at least it is sufficient for us to be allowed to adopt it, even though it tells in our favour. The conclusion has been drawn for us by the late Mr. Clerk Maxwell, who assuredly will not be suspected of any hostility to the atomic theory, and still less of any weakness for Peripatetic philosophy. He points out that there are living germs hardly discerned by microscopes, and that even though 200 million molecules, of the primary sort be allowed them (which gives a wide margin for errors of observation), yet such a number would be equivalent to about one million molecules of organic substance, the reason being that such molecules are in general highly complicated, and are combined with about 50 per cent. of water. Now many such germs contain the promise of highly organized beings, every single part of which would have to be represented in the germ, according to the atomic theory, at least if applied by itself, as it is often applied, to give a complete explanation of organic matter. The number of molecules is evidently far short of what would have to be supposed. We cannot think of any possible proof that would show to clearer demonstration the absurd and hopeless inadequacy of the theory we are combating to explain the simplest facts of physiology. Our adversaries must explain away Sir W. Thompson's figures—we venture to think a rather difficult task—or else they may, what is more probable, incontinently manufacture four or five new and startling hypotheses.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The following passage is worth quoting from Mr. C. Maxwell's paper on the *Atom*, in the *Encycl. Brit.* ed. 9th: "Thus molecular science forbids the physiologist

If we omit all considerations drawn from living matter, and confine our attention to the mere science of chemistry, we shall see that its present tendency is towards bringing itself into agreement with the requirements of philosophy. Take the views which are now in favour as to the medium which is, so to speak, a connecting-link between molecules. We are usually told that there are two sorts of matter, the ponderable, consisting of about seventy elements, and the imponderable,<sup>1</sup> consisting of the luminous ether. Also that for the existence of the latter, there is no direct evidence, for it is supposed to have no power of affecting any of our senses, but that it is absolutely indispensable for the explanation of phenomena. The various theories and hypotheses about the nature and properties of ether are almost endless,<sup>2</sup> and we can hardly say

from imagining that structural details of infinitely small dimensions can furnish an explanation of the infinite variety which exists in the properties and functions of the most minute organism. A microscopic germ is we know capable of development into a highly organized animal. Another germ, equally microscopic becomes when developed, an animal of a totally different kind. . . . Now, one material system can differ from another only in the configuration and motion, which it has at a given instant. To explain differences of function and development of a germ without assuming difference of structure, is, therefore, to admit that the properties of a germ are not those of a purely material system." He means no doubt by a purely material system, a system without its own substantial form. And yet the philosophy that postulates one is sometimes said to stultify physics! In one point Mr. Maxwell's argument hangs fire. He thinks one million molecules might possibly suffice for a simpler sort of organism. We venture to think that such a number does not bear the very faintest proportion with the number generally assumed by those who favour the atomic theory as applied to the explanation of vital phenomena. But this does not affect the main argument.

<sup>1</sup> According to some theories, this character of the ether must be understood relatively to the elements, and to our power of measuring gravity.

<sup>2</sup> We can only give a few illustrations of this statement by mentioning certain views, many of which include various subdivisions.

(i.) The supposition (perhaps the popular one) that ether is an extremely elastic and continuous fluid of a specific nature.

(ii.) The belief (common among scientific men) that it consists of hard elastic atoms, at a great distance apart.

(iii.) The hypothesis of Professor Osborne Reynolds that it consists of atoms always touching one another, and subject to the phenomenon which he calls *dilatancy*.

(iv.) The hypothesis of Ampère that it is disposed round atoms like the atmosphere round a planet, and that such atmospheres rotate with extreme rapidity.

(v.) The hypothesis that each atom has two such atmospheres one attractive and the other repulsive, the phenomena of electricity being due to the latter. (See article by Professor Norton in the *Phil. Mag.* iv. vol. xliii. p. 193.)

(vi.) The hypothesis of two distinct media "each possessed of equal and enormous self-repulsion or elasticity, and both existing in equal quantities throughout space," to explain some of the difficulties connected with the non-interference of certain polarized rays of light. (See Hudson, *On Wave theories of Light, Heat, and Electricity*, ed. iv. vol. xlv. p. 210, ff.)

(vii.) The dynamical hypothesis that ether consists of forces wholly attractive, and is an extremely dense but extremely subtle medium, not existing in the pores of

that any one of them is the generally received opinion; but there is scarcely any subject which meets more attention than this, or which is more often called on to account for phenomena; and nothing is more taken for granted than the existence of such a medium, indefinitely extended through space, and capable of transmitting vibrations. Now there are several reasons why we see in this circumstance a distinct promise of an approach, or we might say a distinct approach, towards the philosophy of matter which we are maintaining. Suffice it to say here that not only was the existence of a medium distinctly maintained by the scholastics, (1) of the same nature, (2) for the same reasons, and (3) called by the same name, as the ether of the atomists of to-day; but its denial (and it was practically denied for the space of two hundred years) was absolutely fatal to the Peripatetic theory. Whether we consider the pores of molecular bodies, or the distances between molar bodies, the notion of a vacuum only interrupted by discrete particles and discrete masses was fundamentally opposed to a system which cannot tolerate *actio in distans*. On the other hand the confusion at present existing on the subject of the medium is, we hope, a proximate disposition for the acceptance of a theory which alone can remove contradictions and explain difficulties regarding it.

Now we approach the change that is coming over men's minds about the nature of ponderable matter, a change which is of later date than the general acceptance of the ether theory, and a far more obvious gain to us. Dalton's conception of the chemical elements, which dominated the English mind for nearly half a century, was that the atoms of the elements are (substantially) simple, and that each element is essentially different from the rest. Thus was explained the apparent constancy of the elements throughout all chemical combination, a phenomenon that had then first been discovered.

Such chemical constancy is of course a fact beyond all dispute, but the particular explanation of Dalton is just the one which is most fundamentally opposed to the idea of a common matter only distinguished by forms extrinsic to itself. By

bodies. (See Bayma's *Molecular Mechanics*, Bk. viii., where the whole system is worked out with great ingenuity.)

(viii.) The hypothesis that ether is gross matter, "which from its extreme rarefaction would manifest its properties only in an infinitely small degree." (See Grove, *On the Correlation of Physical Forces*, p. 149.)

(ix.) The hypothesis which we refer to at greater length further on, that the ether is the substratum of vortex-atoms, of which ponderable matter consists.

degrees Dalton's view has been, and is being, modified so as to bring it within measurable distance of Aristotle's. Mr. Norman Lockyer<sup>1</sup> and other experimentalists, had been working for years, not without success, to reduce, by means of intense heat applied to spectroscopic dissociation, the number of elements specifically distinct; it was suspected that about four elements, perhaps hydrogen, magnesium, sodium, and calcium; or even that hydrogen alone is the single constituent of all matter. When they were taking cautious steps, Thomson took one good look and then another, and then a leap by which he far outstripped the most active of his fellow-workers. The first look was at the calculations of Helmholtz on the mathematical properties of a vortex-tube in a fluid of perfect inertia and mobility, and of invariable density. The other look was at some artificial closed vortex-tubes, or vortex-rings, of smoke, produced by Professor Tait in his laboratory. The leap was the instantaneous theory that atoms, of whatever element, are simply closed vortex-tubes, of various degrees of convolution, formed of the luminous ether and moving in it. Thus he simplified immensely the constitution of matter, and accounted, by means of Helmholtz's results, for the perfect stability, invariability, and indivisibility, as well as to some extent, the combining properties of matter. There are some enormous difficulties in the hypothesis, but it is not too much to say that it has changed for ever the course of scientific speculation. Those who do not unreservedly accept the theory of vortex-atoms, yet are so far influenced by it, that they commonly treat of four states of matter, *i.e.*, the radiant (or mere medium of vibration), the fluid, the liquid, the solid. Professor Alfred Daniell has told us, that<sup>2</sup> "a belief is rapidly gaining ground, that all the elements differ from one another only in their internal structure, and have a common basis, or, in other words, that all the elements are structural modifications of one form of matter."<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See his article on the "Chemical Elements," in the *Nineteenth Century*, Feb. 1879, in which he tells us "the conclusion stares us in the face, that the running down of temperature in a mass of matter which is eventually to form a star, is accompanied by gradually increasing complexity of chemical forms." In his recent work, *The Chemistry of the Sun*, he shows that he has devoted immense labour to his researches, and he develops his arguments, and with much ingenuity applies them to the explanation of sun-spots and hydrogen protuberances.

<sup>2</sup> *First Principles of Science* (1884), p. 191.

<sup>3</sup> At the recent meeting of the British Association held at Bath, Professor F. G. Fitzgerald, in his address on *The Electrical Transmission of Power*, delivered on September the 7th, remarked: "The theory that material atoms are simple vortex rings in a perfect liquid otherwise unmoving is insufficient, but with the innumerable possibilities of fluid motion it seems almost impossible but that an explanation of the



Now it seems unnecessary for us to point out that we are here face to face with a theory of matter, which bears a very striking similarity with the scholastic one. How far it will have to be refined and elevated, to bring it into strict harmony with all the requirements of Philosophy, is a question which probably could not be usefully discussed in the present inchoative stage of the problem, viewed from the physical side; and the discussion would be much more likely to obscure, than to throw light on, the issue. We have said that we are not concerned with another futile attempt to show *how* science and philosophy can be reconciled, but are trying to prove that there *is* reasonable ground for hoping that we are sensibly approaching to such a happy consummation. One thing only is clear, and must be attended to. A vortex-tube, considered as a mode of motion, is not a substantial form; nor is radiant ether, that can transmit vibrations by its proper elasticity, by any means the same thing as *materia prima*. But it by no means follows that Thompson's speculation bears no sort of relation to the true constitution of elemental bodies from a common basis. And even though it do not, yet the hypothesis can, like many another false one, do good work.

One word to the wise—to the devotees of Peripateticism. From the first, there have been in the schools two conceptions of matter, both of which wholly satisfy the needs of philosophy. The long and bitter controversy on the subject does not concern us. It is rooted in question about essence and existence, than which none that have engaged the attention of the human mind are perhaps more far-reaching, unsatisfying, and remote from a final conclusion. But if the conception of matter as a real and physical entity, existing of, though not by, itself, rather than as a merely metaphysical potency, borrows any probability from the warm advocacy of Scotus and Suarez; we ask is it not an error to disregard it, in despite of the physical views of matter with which we are confronted? They seem to be undergoing modification, and to be capable of further modification, in a hopeful sense, and it is the duty of the Philosopher to do what he consistently can to promote rather than to retard the process.

properties of the universe will be found in this conception. Anything purporting to be an explanation founded on such ideas as 'an inherent property of matter to attract,' or building up big elastic solids out of little ones, is not of the nature of an ultimate explanation at all; it can only be a temporary stopping-place." *O si sic omnes!*

## *Newfoundland.*

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### FRENCH AGGRESSION.—THE "BAIT ACT."

IN THE MONTH for last December, the important question of the Newfoundland fisheries was considered from the point of view of the broad and deep sea. The waters of ocean were sounded, their recesses explored, and their secrets revealed to assist the reader in forming an estimate of the nature and value of the interests at stake in this controversy. The cod—the innocent cause of all the trouble—was visited in his home, upon those "banks" he so persists in loving and frequenting in spite of snares and stratagems below, of threatenings and "complications" above the waters. Having seen with what dignity and equanimity he bears himself in the presence of his immediate perils, let us now consider him before the courts, as it were, in his official character as an object of consideration and anxiety to royalties, ambassadors, ministers, and legislators.

Time and again has he set all these by the ears. Governments may come and go, but he goes on for ever chewing his bait, and chuckling in his cool way, fathoms deep under the keels of national cruisers, undisturbed by the clamours of international commissioners.

The strangest feature of his strange influence is that this is not confined to the waters he inhabits, or to questions, economic or diplomatic, that only affect that element. He drags in his terrible train a host of difficulties and disputes that refer to territory, agriculture, minerals, political representation, and religious establishments. Hence we find him in 1868 (not by any means for the first time in a like official atmosphere) creating a warm conflict in the House of Lords. The question raised was based on a petition sent by the Colonial Government, and presented to the Upper House by Lord Houghton. Its object was to claim a right on the part of the British colonists to obtain grants of land on the so-called "French shore" of Newfoundland. To elect representatives to the Colonial As-

sembly for the populations already settled and increasing thereon. To explore and develop the great mineral and agricultural wealth of this territory. To establish there, in a word, the whole panoply of civic and industrial economy under the rule and government of the colony. There was and could be no obstacle to so natural a demand except the French claims upon this portion of the shore line. These claims give the French no right, as they themselves admit, to settle upon or inhabit or develop that territory themselves. But the French maintain that their treaty concessions empower them to prevent the Newfoundlanders, the natural inhabitants of the country, from settling upon and utilizing this territory because it is, *on parchment*, the French shore! The whole island, its people and their future, are handicapped and oppressed by this foreign political incubus. The complacent cod is the cause of all this disturbance. Had he no existence, or would he but consent to abandon his favoured resort, the French claim, the French shore, and the French fisherman would disappear with him. The colony and the colonist, however, would still remain, though bereft of their chief glory and resource. The cod, and he alone, is the creator of the awkward situation. He it is that furnishes the foreigner with his sole plea and pretence of claiming territorial rights in a British island. His influence is felt just as much on land as beneath the seas. He derides all treaties and protocols. He arrests political progress. He sneers at measures of conciliation. He is at once the comfort and the confusion of all who have anything to do with him.

To return to the debate in the House of Lords in 1868, which affords an apt introduction to our present view of this dispute, Earl Carnarvon, replying to Lord Houghton, the advocate for Newfoundland on the occasion, gave utterance to the statement that "there was no question of older standing, none more complex, none perhaps less understood in this country, and none more capable of mischief than that of the Newfoundland fisheries."<sup>1</sup> The statement is correct in each of its branches if we except that his lordship seems to imply that the "complex" character is inherent in the nature of this question, or directly consequent on the conditions of its history or its treaty arrangements. The complications and contentions that now surround the fisheries' question are the pure growth of political intrigue and diplomatic disputes. A paragraph

<sup>1</sup> Report of proceedings in the House of Lords, May 22, 1868.

from history, a passage from the treaty of Utrecht, and an illustration drawn from the coastal topography of England, will set the question in as clear a light as any ever placed before the readers of this Magazine.

All the history needed is supplied by the same noble lord (Carnarvon)<sup>1</sup> in the same speech delivered in the House of Lords. He said, "Newfoundland was originally claimed for this country in the time of Henry the Seventh (he might have added it was discovered first by Cabot, an officer in the employ of Henry the Seventh). It was subsequently occupied by the French. Then, after a long series of difficulties and disputes (ending in its conquest by English arms from a French attempt at occupation in 1769), it was secured finally to England by the treaty of Utrecht in 1713, the French securing to themselves, or rather *we securing to the French* certain rights of fishery and certain rights on parts of the coast *contingent on the fishery*."

The filling up of this outline reveals a chapter most discreditable to the Home Government in its relations to this ancient colony. "The object of Newfoundland as a possession for us," says Earl Carnarvon, "was not the foundation of a colony, but the training up of seamen, and the creation of a nursery for our navies. The notion of colonization or settlement was foreign to our ideas." True to this "object," and ruled by this "notion," the British Government for nearly two centuries most cruelly and unwisely hindered and harassed the settlers who persisted in making their home in the island. They were denied all civic and religious rights. Their dwellings were demolished. They were refused a corner of the virgin soil in which to build a place of worship. The senior captain of the men of war on the station was their *ex officio* governor, judge, jury, and executioner. The land was doomed by Imperial decree to everlasting desolation. It was only to be known and recognized as one of Burns' "twa dogs" described it:

Some place abroad  
Where sailors gang to fish for cod.

To sum up all in the words of the most recent contributors to the history of the island, who is at the present moment gathering knowledge on the spot from its dead records and

<sup>1</sup> Earl Carnarvon was Colonial Secretary in 1866, when he refused a petition from the Newfoundland Government to issue grants of land to British colonists on the French shore, so called. The petition is here renewed and advocated by Lord Houghton, 1868.

living historians. "Though its early history is brilliant with the names of Cabot, 'who gave England a continent, and no one knows his resting-place,' and of Gilbert, Raleigh, and Drake; and though as long ago as 1583, the leaden arms of England were nailed to a post at its water's edge, yet for nearly a century it was a penal offence to build a house upon its soil, and a series of edicts were issued by ignorant monarchs to protect the monopolies of unscrupulous merchants, forbidding any one to go to Newfoundland as a settler, putting masters of vessels under heavy bonds to bring back every year as many persons as they took out, at last despatching a naval officer with orders to drive out the fishermen and burn their dwellings, going so far as to recommend that no women should be allowed to land in the island."

This glance at the history of the island is a revelation of the policy of the Home Government in its regard to-day, as a hundred years ago. Newfoundland, at the era of the Utrecht Treaty, was decreed to be and to remain a mere uninhabited fishing-station. As such, it would have given little trouble to the rival powers of Western Europe. Their fishing fleets would come and go, their cruisers hover upon and disappear from the scene of present contention, leaving the land bare of settlement and production. Without inhabitants, industries, or living interests of any sort, it never could become an international danger. Either contending power might claim it, but none should possess it. England and France should have perpetual peace as far as the new land was concerned. That and no other was the new land's destiny. To belong to no one, and come to nothing—as a land—was the noble fate assigned to it by the decree drawn up in the flats and fens of a Dutch village.

But nature, aided by the short-sighted policy of England nearer home, decreed otherwise. To those far off and desolate shores came exiles from another island rendered by various miseries more hopeless and more desolate still. When the wild forest supplied them with a home, the light but vigorous soil a quick return for labour, and the teeming seas abundance of wholesome food in this new land, what argument or what force that the Government might employ could induce those sons of Erin to return to a country made waste by famine and persecution?

So they remained in their new island in spite of penalties and protocols. The colony grew in time by spontaneous immigra-

tion and has become one of the most interesting, as it is decidedly one of the most important possessions of the British Empire. Where a log church was forbidden to be erected there are now three Cathedral churches of stone second to none in the New World for beauty of style, and ranking with the largest for spaciousness. There are numerous other churches and schools throughout the land.

The "fishing station" is now a self-governing colony of 200,000 inhabitants. The port of St. John's, where only a few fishing and trading vessels once found shelter, picked up a few sailors, prepared their tackle and laid in stores for their voyages, is now a city of 40,000 inhabitants, far advanced in the pathway of prosperity and culture. And this has been effected not only without aid and encouragement from the home country, but in spite of its neglect and oppression and in the teeth of appalling obstacles placed in the way of the colony's progress by foreign competitors and marauders. This is therefore a colony that deserves consideration for its own sake, no less, as we have seen, than for the essential interests of the empire in the western world.

But would any sane man, not a diplomatist, believe that this growth and progress of Newfoundland has been imputed to her, by imperial politicians, as little less than a crime against the interests of the Empire? The argument of Earl Carnarvon in the speech before quoted is this, and it has been the argument of his predecessors in the Colonial Office also. That because Newfoundland chose to become a colony and a country, to grow into social importance instead of remaining, as was decreed for her, a mere fishing station, an ichthyographical term, therefore she placed herself outside and beyond the provisions made for her by treaty and is no longer deserving of British care or protection. The Crown did not contemplate or desire, at the time of the Utrecht Treaty, the colonization, nor the subsequent autonomy of this island. The colony itself, by its own act of being and growing, has made itself an eyesore to France and a perplexity to England. Therefore we cannot, say the diplomatists, interfere, with our powerful and troublesome neighbour in its favour. This is in substance the argument of the Colonial Office expressed by Lord Carnarvon in these, and by other officials in like words: "Partly by conquest and partly by treaty we acquired this territory of Newfoundland many years ago, and in return certain rights were secured to the French. Time went



on. A great colony sprang up which at that time was never anticipated. English fishermen gradually abandoned the shores and left them to the colonists. Now we are called upon to enforce obligations which, at the time the Treaty was entered into, were wholly unexpected on our part. *This is not a position in which this country ought to be placed.*" Is not this a plain statement on the part of the Home Government that the colony, simply because it has chosen to become a colony, must look to itself, and that the Crown is released, by a law of nature that it would not foresee and could not prevent, from its treaty obligations and difficulties? This, and no other, must be the colonists' reading of this passage. We shall see anon what that reading must lead to.

It is necessary at this point to introduce the momentous extract from the "*Treaty of peace and friendship between Great Britain and France*, signed at Utrecht, <sup>31 March,</sup><sub>11 April,</sub> 1713. We shall make but brief comment upon it and proceed to our consideration of the "Bait Act," the issue here, let us hope, of the controversy. The terms of the Treaty of Utrecht are these :

The island called Newfoundland, with the adjacent islands *belong of right* wholly to Britain. And to that end the town and fortress of Placentia, and whatever other places in the said island are in possession of the French shall be yielded and given up within seven months from the exchange of the ratifications of this treaty, or sooner if possible, by the Most Christian King to those who have a commission from the Queen of Great Britain for that purpose. Nor shall the Most Christian King, his heirs, or successors, or any of their subjects at any time hereafter, lay claim to *any right to the said island, or islands, or to any part of them.*

Moreover, it shall not be lawful for the subjects of France to fortify any place in the said island of Newfoundland or *to erect any buildings there besides stages made of boards and huts* necessary and usual for drying fish. Or to resort to the said island beyond the time necessary for fishing and drying of fish.

But it shall be allowed to the subjects of France to catch fish and to dry them on land, in that part only and in no other besides, which stretches from the place called Cape Bonavista to the northern point of the said island, and from thence, running down by the western side, reaches as far as the place called Point Riche."<sup>1</sup>

Done at Utrecht, the <sup>31 March,</sup><sub>11 April,</sub> 1713.

Signed,

JOHN BRISTOL, C.P.S. (L.S.)	HUXELLES (L.S.)
STRAFFORD (L.S.)	MEANAGER (L.S.)

<sup>1</sup> Now called from Cape John to Cape Ray.

By the *Definitive Treaty* of Paris in 1763, the above Art. xiii. of the Treaty of Utrecht was confirmed with the addition in favour of France, that "the King of Great Britain cedes the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon *in full right* to his Most Gracious Majesty to serve as a shelter to the French fishermen, and his said Most Gracious Majesty (of France) *engages not to fortify the said islands, to erect no buildings upon them, but merely for the convenience of the fishery; and to keep upon them a guard of fifty men only for the police.*"

In another *Definitive Treaty*, that of Versailles in 1783, "His Majesty the King of Great Britain is maintained in *his right to the island of Newfoundland.*" And the right to the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, as well as the fishing rights ceded to France by Art. xiii. of the Utrecht Treaty are confirmed to that kingdom.

Finally, by the *Treaty of Peace*, signed at Paris, May 30, 1814, the whole question between France and England regarding Newfoundland and the fisheries, coasts, &c., is "replaced on the footing in which it stood in 1792," that is, the footing of the Treaty of Versailles, which treaty is but the confirmation of that of Utrecht, with the addition of the cession of St. Pierre and Miquelon to France.

The Treaty of Utrecht therefore gives the law to this question, and is the one to be considered. The others we have only introduced for the sake of conscientious statement, and as samples, worth noting, of diplomatic movement without progression.

It will be seen that all these treaties concur with that of Utrecht in placing on the forefront of their arrangements—"That the island of Newfoundland belongs of right *wholly* to Britain." No statement could be more absolute and exclusive than this. It admits of no claim whatever in the sense of territorial ownership on the part of France, or of any other country, to as much as one inch of land on or within the shores of the island. In this absolute sense the statement has always been insisted upon by Imperial and Colonial authorities. I shall only quote one of each out of many.

Lord Palmerston, writing to Count Sebastiani (July 10, 1858) on the subject of French claims to territory on the Newfoundland coast denies emphatically the existence of any such rights and ends his vigorous protest against them thus: "The claim

put forward on the part of France is founded simply on *interference* and upon an *assumed interpretation of words*."

But the juridical opinion of Hon. Judge Rinsint, given in the colony by a colonial leader and legislator, from a colonial point of view, is the best and clearest indictment of French claims that has yet been pronounced.

Under the Treaty of Utrecht, he states, the whole of the island was declared to be the rightful territory of Great Britain, and to be under her absolute sovereignty. The terms of the treaty in this respect have never been abrogated or abandoned. I have never understood for a moment that the Crown has in any degree allowed any sovereign or proprietorial claim on the part of France. The presence of British ships of war, of civil officers, and the right of legislative representation enjoyed by the people of this coast, and its subjection to taxation and Customs regulation, with the presence here of the supreme court of this island and its dependencies, with *jurisdiction over the adjacent seas*, and with cognizance of offences committed on the banks of Newfoundland—all attest this position, which is in no wise annulled by the *permissive presence* of a French naval force for the discipline and protection of their own marine.

The writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of the 15th of December last, who produces from the original MS. this judgment of M. Rinsint delivered on the scene of the contention, subjoins his own emphatic opinion thus:

This is absolutely conclusive, and it is accordingly certain that the French will never become possessed, unless the fortune of war give it to them as it took it away, of any portion of the Newfoundland coast.

The possibility of "dual ownership" seems to have been always peculiarly the English idea about landed property. This, let us plainly call it absurd, idea unfortunately crept into the important State arrangement made with France by the Treaty of Utrecht. France has not been backward in taking advantage of it. "How, she argues, can my subjects cut wood and build huts, albeit wooden ones, on the shores of Newfoundland if I have no ownership, no territorial rights upon or within the shores of that island?" On the other hand, the Newfoundlander retorts, "How can you presume on any rights whatever upon territory declared by a treaty signed by yourselves to 'belong wholly to Great Britain,' without our consent, who are British subjects and colonists, and the natural owners of the country. This consent you shall never obtain. We will not

be deprived of our lands, our minerals, our bays, and harbours along four hundred miles of our coast, simply because the agents of the British Government in 1713 (as now) entertained the ridiculous idea that two could own and use the same thing at the same time, or rather that one could *own* without being allowed to *use*, and another *use* without being allowed to *own* it!"

The French, let us give them credit for it, are, as usual, logical in interpreting for themselves an *exclusive* right to both the lands and seas to which England granted them only *concurrent* rights. There is no such thing as a concurrent right. All rights are either absolute or distributive, *i.e.*, divided as to substance, time, and place. It is not, therefore, the colonist, as Lord Carnarvon cynically states, who has made this difficulty with France by increasing and multiplying and filling the land that was intended only to be a desert. It was and is the Government and the diplomacy of the Empire that made the difficulty, because they did not learn and understand the first elements and the due terms of jurisprudence. England must declare definitely that there is no "French shore," and that there cannot be in an island that "belongs wholly to Great Britain." Newfoundland has declared this both by word and act long ago, and she means to abide by her declaration.

We shall not pursue a discussion on the Treaty of Utrecht, which could have no ending except at the point where we have now brought it. Let us only glance at the practical interpretation the French have made of this treaty.

They have, so far, debarred the colonists from utilizing all the western shore of their own island, from Cape Ray to Cape John, a line of four hundred miles; a coast swarming with fish and teeming with mineral wealth! To debar the use of this coast line to the British colonist, meant to debar him the use of the lands that lie behind it. Of what avail are interior lands in an island, to a people who could have no access to the sea because its ramparts are held, without even being occupied, all along their extent, by a foreign and jealous intruder. As to St. Pierre and Miquelon, those islands are not only held and peopled by the French, but, in spite of treaty conditions,<sup>1</sup> they have built on the former a substantial town, with forts, jails, public institutions, churches, and schools. They have there a commandant appointed by the French Government, police, magistrates, and all the panoply of established dominion.

<sup>1</sup> Paris, 1763, as above.

So much as regards French claims to territory in the colony, which is *the* claim that lies at the bottom of all their efforts to cripple the fishing industry of the Newfoundlander. The fisheries for the French are but a training and recruiting school for their navy. Hence the bounty accorded by their Government of *sixty per cent.* on the value of every catch of fish. Hence the fact that each year, as soon as the fishing season ends, the French fishermen and their families are conveyed *à la patrie* by Government vessels, escorted by Government war ships. Out of about 8,000 Frenchmen, engaged in the fisheries from St. Pierre in summer, scarce 2,000 remain to winter on the island. All would return to France in winter were it not that the French Government provides for the remaining of some, sufficient in number and official position, to represent its rule and ascendancy in this British colony. Every Frenchman is paid there by the French Government, the governor, the magistrates, the priests, the police, the *fishermen themselves*.

What meaning but one can there be for this expenditure, this nursing and coddling of a petty colonial commune that never will or can become, and is not intended to become, a colony in the true sense of the word? Compare this treatment of its subjects by France to the action of the "home" Government of England towards the Newfoundlanders! The latter do not demand such aid or protection from England as their French neighbours receive from France. They would scorn to ask or accept it. They are a self-sustaining people. Their country is not—like those so called French islands for the French fishermen—a training-school, a place of exile or probation. It is their home, their *patria*. They bear its burthens, support its officials and its institutions, from the highest to the lowest, suffer its reverses and enjoy its prosperity. All that is in the island, and round about it, is theirs by every law of nature and of political right. The Treaty of Utrecht and the other treaties that supplemented it, made a contract with a foreign country disposing of the future interests and industries of a people (the Newfoundlanders) who had no political being at the time. Their future political existence was hampered in advance by a legislation to that effect made and intended. Nevertheless, in the fulness of time, this people presumed to be. They have reached a very sturdy and promising condition of political life. Must they, a young, hopeful, and energetic race, be doomed to extinction because a foolish old parchment, with foolish old

writing upon it, lies hid away somewhere in the archives that enclose so many other memorials of international blindness and blundering? Let the Treaty of Utrecht be condemned, abolished, forgotten, or neglected, if it stand in the way of a people's rightful liberties. The treaty never was a lawful document, because it presumed to dispose of what its signatories did not and could not possess, viz., the future of a people with their fulness and fruition thereof. Now, that people not only exists, but *in Senatum venit*, it has a legislative, a political place of its own among the nations. Such is the commentary nature scores on the mouldering palimpsests of diplomacy.

Let us now turn our attention more directly to the fisheries and the Bait Act. Why was this Act passed by the colony? What must be the consequences of its threatened frustration by France with England's practical connivance?

The Bait Act is an Act passed by the Newfoundland Legislature in the session of 1885, 1886, prohibiting the supply or sale of bait by Newfoundlanders to the French engaged in fishing on the banks or elsewhere around the coast. This Act was preceded by a somewhat similar one in 1845. Being disallowed by the Home Government last year it was re-enacted by the unanimous vote of all parties in the Newfoundland Legislature. A deputation was then sent from the colony to England consisting of Sir A. Shea, chief of the Opposition party in the Colonial House, and Sir W. Thorburn, leader of the party in power. Their object was to remonstrate with the Government here and petition it to withdraw its objections to the Bait Act. The address presented by them after a preamble expressive of deep disappointment and regret at the course adopted by the Home Government, proceeded as follows.

It is dated St. John's, Newfoundland, Feb. 26, 1887.

"Our fish are driven out of the European markets by the sixty per cent. bounty-aided French fish, and in furnishing our rivals with bait we promote the evils which we have to contend with. The only course is to terminate the suicidal traffic. The present condition of trade causes great anxiety. The Colonial Secretary's suggestion that consultation with the French may lead to a remedy being found in some other direction for admitted evils could only originate in want of knowledge of the true situation. The free supply of bait to the French from our coasts means the effacement of our British trade, and the exodus of our population, and forbids all thought of possible equivalent. Newfoundland declines to accept the view that France or any other foreign Power



has any status or consultative claim or control in the disposition of our property, and the Legislature demurs to any recognition of their pretensions in this respect. Newfoundland acknowledges no authority but that of the Imperial Government, and the latter's rights of dominion are wisely limited by our constitutional powers, which secure for us the free exercise of our instructed intelligence in the management of our local affairs. Her Majesty's Government in proposing that they should be judges of the effects of our laws upon our local interests are not, the Legislature submits, in a position to discharge that duty with safety or advantage, and the Legislature cannot believe that any alleged difficulties will be allowed further to supersede the rights and mar the fortunes of the loyal people of this colony, which is struggling to maintain its position as an independent appanage of the British Crown."

After much deliberation the Bait Act was finally sanctioned and confirmed by the Imperial Government to come into operation in this fishing season, 1888. But the French have already officially signified through the *Commandant* of St. Pierre, their intention of disregarding the Act and capturing bait for themselves in Newfoundland waters under the protection of their war ships.

Such being the description and history of the Bait Act, let us pursue the inquiry as to why it became an Act. Were I writing for Newfoundland readers there would be no necessity for entering upon the question. Intelligence is sharpened and conclusions swiftly and clearly drawn when the matter considered affects a people's nearest needs and interests. There is not a man in Newfoundland who does not believe and perceive that upon the execution of this Act depends the welfare and the very existence of his country. But it is otherwise here in England, and this very difficulty of seeing colonial affairs with colonial eyes has been and always will be the source of the frequent and fatal errors of Downing Street in its management of colonial concerns. The Colonial Department seems always to forget, just at the wrong time, that (to use the words of the address above quoted) "the rights of Imperial dominion are wisely limited by colonial constitutional powers." To understand clearly the reasons of the Bait Act, it must be first understood that the shore fishery is practically all that French and American competitors have now left to the Newfoundlanders. The shore line is the rendezvous of the smaller tribes of fish that constitute bait for the cod, the all important fish of those waters and of the trade of the Island.

Now the cod fishing cannot be conducted without bait. The bait, as already explained, frequents the shores, and the shore fishermen—the Newfoundlanders—are those who have practical possession and command of it. No others can come in shore and capture bait without violating the Newfoundlander's rights. Consequently he is naturally and lawfully in the position of disposing of the bait, of capturing it merely for his own use or for the purpose of selling it to others. It is his commodity. But the law, the Bait Act, will not permit him to make use of it as a private commodity, for private profit, at the expense of the well being of the whole colony. This would be and has been the exact result of the system of supplying bait to foreigners to be used for the extermination of the only great industry of the island.

It will be asked, Why do not the Newfoundlanders themselves, having control of the bait, fit out bunkers and compete, off shore, with the foreign fishermen? Well, this has been done lately, to some extent, and with some success, but in the face of great, almost insuperable difficulties. Two things, one of domestic, the other of foreign origin, have heretofore conspired to effectually divert the colonist from such enterprise. The first is the wretched supply system, whereby the fisherman is forced to depend for everything, clothes, provisions, gear, the boats themselves, on "the merchant," or large supplying firms. He never is paid in cash for his catch, but only in "truck." He lives from hand to mouth, and from summer to summer. He never has, or can have, under this system, the means or the freedom to build and furnish such boats as would be required for the bank fishery. I cannot here enter into a discussion of this fatal system and its remedies. It is the traditional canker sore of the colony. Time, perhaps, and a new departure, forced upon the merchant for his own interests, may cure it. The annulling of the Bait Act can only perpetuate it. Some of the more industrious and prosperous Newfoundland planters have of late years, at the greatest risk and sacrifice, built and fitted out bunkers. Were they independent enough to face occasional reverses their future success would be assured. It is to be hoped their courageous example will stimulate others. But, in any event, the shore fishing must remain the chief reliance of the mass of the fishing population. So the Bait Act holds ground—against this exception. The foreign obstacle to the successful prosecution of the bank fishery by Newfoundlanders is the one referred to in the address of the

deputation quoted in this article. While the French fishermen receive a bounty of *sixty per cent.*, about eight shillings and fourpence per quintal, for all the fish they catch, how is it possible for unaided toilers of the sea, who do not even receive cash payment for their catch, to compete with them in the fishing ground, or for the trade of the colony to sustain itself in the markets? The only, and the last, chance the Newfoundland fisherman has is to refuse to his pampered rival the means of rendering his operations even more destructive than they now are. The colonist has this solitary advantage over the Frenchman, and he must retain it or perish—the advantage of easy access to the bait, which he can dispose of as best suits his own interests. No one, however, to use a homely but expressive phrase, will furnish another with a stick to break his own back. There is no law of economy to prescribe the transfer or distribution of goods which the law of self-interest and self-preservation commands should be retained.

The strongest argument of all, however, in favour of the Bait Act yet remains to be considered. It is found in substance in that portion of the address of the deputation quoted in a former page, and may be called the commercial argument.

The French fisheries on the Newfoundland coast had been gradually declining for a number of years; but lately, by the operation of the bounty and the energy developed in this direction by the French Republic, they have increased enormously. The Newfoundlanders are being driven out of their best customary markets by French competition. From 1884 to 1886 the French increase in the capture and cure of fish has been from 20,000 to no less than 500,000 quintals! The latter figure reaches nearly one half of the amount of fish exported from Newfoundland in good seasons. The consequences of this new development of the French fisheries on the fortunes of the Newfoundland trade are so well indicated in a colonial paper of Oct. 9, 1886, that I shall let it speak in my stead. *The Standard*, of Harbour Grace, Newfoundland, of that date, says:

Up to within a recent period the supply of French caught fish was not so very much beyond the requirements of their own markets in France and French colonies, nor was it brought into competition with our fish to any great extent. All this, however, is now changed; for, owing to the great and rapid increase of their Bank fisheries, the French have now a large surplus over and above what is annually required in their own markets. With this surplus they are at the present moment

competing with our shippers and exporters in those very European markets in which previous to the last few years they were veritable strangers—their presence was wholly unknown. Now, *with a bounty equal to about sixty per cent. of the value of the fish*, they can sell in these markets, with a profit, at rates *below the cost of production*.

Such competition as we now have to meet in many of our largest and best European markets indicates our absolute exclusion from them and the effacement of our commercial and industrial existence!

In 1884 twenty thousand (20,000) quintals of codfish, of French cure, were imported into Northern Italy. And—significant fact!—this quantity was increased in 1885 to one hundred thousand (100,000) quintals, while a similar rate of increase was seen in the French imports into Spain—the aggregate in the latter year amounting to the immense total of two hundred and fifty thousand (250,000) quintals. And during the present season no fewer than about five hundred thousand (500,000) quintals of French codfish will be in competition with us in these markets!

Our whole exports to Spain, Portugal and Italy do not exceed a million quintals annually.

The position which this colony occupies cannot fail, therefore, to be appreciated by her Majesty's Government, and they will see how paramount are the reasons why we should exhaust our resources to mitigate, if we cannot prevent, the evils that now confront us.

The French fishermen being largely dependent upon the bait which they procure around our coasts, our obvious aim should be to cut off the supply as the only corrective within our reach; and we shall then have the satisfaction of knowing that we have done our best for the preservation of our existence as a British colony. This is the real issue now at stake.

Let us now examine the constitutional argument for the Bait Act and the aspect of the case between the colony and the Imperial Government.

Thirty years ago "Responsible Government," or "Home Rule," was granted to Newfoundland. By the provisions of the grant the colony was fully and freely empowered, for all time, to legislate for itself; to dispose of its own internal and external revenues; to direct the channels, improve the resources, and arrange the tariffs of its own trade—in a word, to guide itself, support itself, and protect itself independently of any aid or interference from without. There was this sole proviso, that it should retain its territorial connection with the British Crown, and so legislate as not to impair the interests of the Empire. Immediately England relieved herself of all the burthens of outward responsibility towards the colony. Her troops were

withdrawn. Her batteries—memorials of her final conquest of the island from the French in 1762—were dismantled or allowed to crumble into decay. Every Imperial establishment in the colony was uprooted, every official recalled. The sole relics of the ancient Crown rule that remain are a Governor whom England appoints, but whom the colony salaries, and a brace or so of war vessels which England sends each summer to the Newfoundland seas to protect the fisheries, or perhaps to recruit the health of the seamen, or spare them a Bermudian or West Indian hot season. They do not exercise much protection in Newfoundland waters. As soon as they leave a particular bay the French war vessels drop into it. When the rival protectors meet, by chance, in the same harbours, there is nothing but a round of courtesies and cannonading to the immense encouragement and profit of the Newfoundland fishermen!

England reaped, as the direct fruit of colonial constitutional independence, freedom from all expenses in the management of the colony. The latter, meanwhile, has gone on remarkably well during those thirty years of self-rule. Without a soldier in the island, with less than one hundred police, all told, who are moreover a comparatively late institution, the island for the last thirty years has been a land of almost primitive tranquillity. It is true that a short criminal interlude, an Orange riot, now happily at an end, and not likely to be revived after the manner of its first introduction, was witnessed of late years in the peaceful progress of affairs. It was an artificial episode quite out of harmony with the traditions of the country and the character of its people. All else has proceeded smoothly and with hopeful promises of success in every direction since the era of autonomy began. The credit of the island is excellent. Its debt is comparatively trifling, and far more than covered by colonial assets. Judge then whether the colony has proved itself worthy of the dignity conferred upon it and of the destiny opened up to it by the concession of free government and free institutions.

But, brooding over this fair political prospect, there has ever been a cloud full of gloom and danger to the colony. It is that preposterous pretence of France to a possession over a great part of the land and seas of this British island. This cloud, threatening for years, and ever and anon breaking into actual storm, now hangs, blacker than ever before, over the fortunes of Newfoundland. How dispel it? That is the question. At

every effort made by the colony for this purpose the British Colonial Department steps in with its *caveat*, neutralizing, at the very critical moment, its own constitutional act which admitted the supremacy of the colony's judgment on its own affairs and the supremacy of its right in the conduct of them! This has been done time and again in relation to the difficulty under consideration. It has been done by every Government, Tory and Liberal. Worst of all it has been done without being accompanied by a distinct admission on the part of the Government, in one form or another, that the French claims were unjustifiable and incompatible with the terms of the Utrecht or any other treaty. Finally, in 1881, the Home Government withdrew its opposition, seeing the determination of the colony to have its own constitutional way in the matter, and, in spite of angry French protestations, a Member was returned to the Colonial Legislature for a portion of the "French shore." Thus, it is to be hoped, French (and English) obstruction, as far as territorial claims are concerned, has received its first practical check, if not its death-blow. It has always seemed true, that the only course for the colony to pursue is first to *act* boldly, within its constitutional rights, and let France and England dispute about the matter afterwards.

Now, it must be remembered that, closely as the object of this Act is connected with colonial opposition to French treaty claims, it is nevertheless a new and distinct proceeding in itself, against which no traditional treaty argument can be urged. The Bait Act has no relation whatever to any concessions made to France by England. It is the constitutional Act of a Colonial Constitutional Government of England's own creation. It is an Act addressed to, and accepted by, the Newfoundland people for their guidance in the disposal of their own property. It is a prohibitive Act, limiting the people's freedom in a certain direction, but its source is the people's own freely elected representatives. The subject-matter of the Act is not English, nor French, but colonial property. Its end and object is the preservation of the trade, the safe-guarding of the industries of the colony. Its necessity is admitted by the colony's Governor and Government and by every authority in the island qualified to discuss the subject. If this be not a lawful, righteous, and constitutional Act, then Newfoundland would like to be informed what constitutes law and right and liberty within her territory and jurisdiction! If the people there, accepting in a wise and



patriotic spirit the execution of that Act, refuse to sell or supply their produce to a rival and foe, who can lawfully step in to question their right of doing so? Can the French? With all firmness the address of the Newfoundland deputation replies, "Newfoundland declines to accept the view that France, or any other foreign power has any status, or consultative claim, or control, in the disposition of our property." Can the Imperial Government do it? The address makes answer, with due loyalty and respect, "Newfoundland acknowledges no authority but that of the Imperial Government," but it adds, "The latter's rights of dominion are wisely limited by our constitutional powers which secure us the free exercise of our instructed intelligence in the management of our local affairs."

To bring to a close a statement already exceeding intended limits, let us see how far the Empire's own interests are concerned in protecting the Newfoundland Legislature and people in the execution of their lawful enactment. If it be true, and it is true, that the Bait Act of Newfoundland involves the issue of the rights and fortunes of this loyal people struggling to maintain its position as "an independent appanage of the British Crown,"<sup>1</sup> then the failure of execution of that Act involves the danger of the loss of that appanage to the British Crown. It is the fashion, or has been till lately, in "Home" political circles to smile at such warnings from colonial quarters. But this, at least, is no hollow menace, but the sure prediction of an inestimable loss to the Empire.

If this colony be forced into the embrace of any foreign State, because unable to sustain the pressure of Anglo-French complications, then England's power in the West is doomed. The confederation of Canada, foremost of all her colonies, becomes but a fiction of the imagination. The right arm of Britain, stretching away through the Dominion to India veined and vitalized along its course by the St. Laurence and the Canadian Pacific Railway, becomes a useless member broken at the elbow joint. For, if the Dominion of Canada be that arm, outstretched in the West and touching with newly nerved fingers the boundaries of our Eastern Empire, no less certainly is Newfoundland the joint and leverage of this colossal system of power and possession. Just look at the map of North America. See how this island lies like a gag at the entrance of the great Gulf of St. Laurence, commanding the seas and shores of the

<sup>1</sup> See address above quoted.

North Atlantic and blocking the way to the heart of the British American possessions. It is the portcullis to England's stronghold in the West, the unavoidable and impregnable barrier to the entrance of a foe. What naval power could operate, what merchant-ship run a safe course in those waters if the harbour of St. John's or any of the great harbours on the south and east coast of Newfoundland, opening as they do directly upon the ocean, were occupied by even one hostile squadron of fleet and well armed ships? It would be harder in such case for a British armament to enter the St. Laurence, or communicate with the new roadway to India, than for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle. Of course the only foreign power with which Newfoundland, forced into a movement for self-preservation, would think of uniting its fortunes would be its great Republican neighbour. Though Newfoundland at present has issues with that power almost as great as those with France, by one act of mutual federation those issues would cease, they would be converted into beneficial contracts, and a splendid future would be opened up to the colony as a territory of the great American Union. Yet Newfoundlanders desire no such change of political allegiance. Their island, so long misnamed and misruled, is, nevertheless, an ancient and loyal dependancy of Great Britain. In history, tradition, trade, manners, and complexion of character, the islanders are as little changed from the stock they sprang from as any separated members of the family in the world. They will that their lot in the future shall be cast (but more happily than before) with the country they have owned and admired as their parent land for over three hundred years. It remains now with England herself to maintain the time-honoured tie.

There is one measure which no doubt will be proposed, as it has been before—as a means by which Newfoundland may evade the difficulties of its position. I allude to the measure of its entrance into the Confederation of the British North American Colonies. Up to this Newfoundland has steadfastly refused to consider such a step. A good many years ago, when holding a position of some consideration in the colony, I advocated this measure when it was first proposed. It was a period of great distress in the island, and I thought I saw some hope of a remedy in its association with its fellow-provinces on a liberal basis. It was easy to foresee at the time, and to forebode the very difficulty in which the island is now placed. This

would be a much lesser difficulty, to say the least, if Newfoundland were extricated from the meshes of foreign political complications by uniting herself with a Dominion that is respectable, if not formidable, and that has already shown that it has the courage and power of its political convictions.

But, now as then, an enforced alliance is undesirable. It is for Newfoundland to consider, however, at this crisis, whether or not she can continue to maintain a position devoid of all support. Coercion may proceed from outward or from inward causes. The former, but not the latter kind of coercion, deprives a nation or an individual of deliberation and election. An act may be free, on the part of a people as of a single man, although it be elicited by pressure of difficulty and danger. What is chiefly to be considered in such a conjuncture is not the freedom but the policy of the choice to be made. In point of fact, in national, or even mere human affairs, there is little room for that pure unbiassed freedom of which so much is prated but so little experienced. One thing is certain, that it is a much easier and safer thing to interfere with Newfoundland's constitutional rights and industrial measures now, while she remains an isolated portion of the Empire, than it would be were she a portion of a strong and energetic confederacy. But this is emphatically a question for the Newfoundland people themselves to deal with. No compulsion will be admitted in its settlement other than that which springs from their own sense of their own political and industrial interests.

Meantime, Newfoundland, like every nation foreordained to progress and prosperity, is doing alone the work of its own liberation. Little by little, by sheer force of common sense, by animal instinct, as it were (which is a safer guide even in politics than mere diplomacy), she has gone on "hauling home" her political "sheets and traces," and "belaying all she gets," as her own sons would express it. Church and State, in the persons of a colonial representative and a colonial Prefect-Apostolic, have "squatted" on the "French shore," and mean to stay there. Lands are granted, and mines are being opened in the same place, and the colonist is rapidly settling the vexed question by growing out of it. We have yet to see whether the French, with all their threatenings and bravado,<sup>1</sup> will venture

<sup>1</sup> The French *Commandant* at St. Pierre, threatened very lately that next season, when the Bait Act comes into operation, his Government will send a squadron of war ships, and drive every Newfoundland fisherman out of the bays and harbours of the western shore.

to do violence to the rights of a young, enterprising, and patriotic people who breathe the very air of freedom and justice from the wild waves and bounding seas of their island home. The Newfoundlander knows of course that he cannot cope with the fleets of France. He knows also that England will not quarrel with France for his sake. He does not desire she should. Of the two, however—the empire and the colony—the latter is least alarmed and least exercised about the issue of this dispute. He stands, not on English or French, but on his own ground. His rocky coasts are his ramparts. His seas themselves, with their tameless waves and impenetrable vapours, are his protection. He alone knows his oceans' secret ways, its times and seasons, its laws and caprices. Nestled among his cliffs like the sea-gull, he can swoop the waters, glorying in their tumult, when the stranger bird must fold its nerveless wing, and cower for shelter.

France will not dare to provoke a contest on these coasts, even though sure of the unconcern of England. Newfoundland is not Madagascar or New Caledonia. France will never find an Africa or a Polynesia in any land or sea of North America. If England be not prepared to say to the Gaul, "hands off," let her leave the case to the Newfoundlander himself. He holds the vantage-ground, and he knows it.

R. HOWLEY.

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### *The Boar and its Kindred.*

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THE Wild-Boar and its kindred unite in themselves several distinctions by which other animals are separated. They resemble the horse in the number of their teeth, in the length of the head, and in having but a single stomach; the cow in their cloven hoofs and in the position of the intestines; and the claw-footed animals in their appetite for flesh, in their not chewing the cud, and in their numerous progeny. Thus they form the connecting link between the carnivorous and the granivorous animals. They belong neither to the rapacious nor to the peaceable kind, and yet partake somewhat of the nature of both.

The Hippopotamus, the nearest kindred to the wild-boar, with its huge grinders and sharp front-teeth and tusks within its lips—having taken to a watery life long ages ago—is content to feed on aquatic vegetation and wallow in the mud. These powerful creatures, with their short, stout legs and strong, hoof-covered toes, can move rapidly on land, and crunch and kill a large animal in the water with one snap of their formidable jaws. They swam in the ancient River Thames and grazed on the ground upon which London is situated, but now are only to be found basking on the Nile or by the great Indian rivers.

Belonging to the same family are the Tapirs, large heavy animals with exceedingly rough hides, and the Rhinoceros. The skin of the Indian rhinoceros is thick and hard enough to form a sort of jointed armour, it also once wandered over Europe and the British Isles till the ice age, when it gradually took refuge in the warmest parts of Asia and Africa.

The characteristics which mark both the wild and the tame hog are so similar, that there can be no doubt that the wild-boar and the common hog have sprung from the same stock. In the farm-hog the muzzle, as in the domestic animals, is less prolonged than in the wild species. The tusks also are not so large, for as the domestic hog is no longer required to dig roots and seek his own food like his wild relations, the parts most used for this

purpose are not equally developed. The jaws of both kinds being long and strong are accompanied by very powerful muscles of the neck and shoulders. The snout, which almost assumes the type of the proboscis, has the appearance of having been suddenly cut off, thus exposing the nostrils, which are pierced in the truncated portion. The triangular canine tusks project beyond the mouth, and those of both jaws curve upwards and are most formidable weapons of defence. The wild-boar and hog are alike also in having four toes on each foot, the two middle ones being the largest, and in being furnished with strong hoofs. Wild hogs are covered with stiff, dark brown hair, which turns grizzly with age, and stands almost upright along the back. The tail is short, and like some varieties of the domestic pig curls tightly. The thick skins of the wild hog are a great protection to them. Their chief weapons of defence are their eye-teeth and their broad round flexible snouts, which also serve admirably to turn up the ground and to get at roots and underground fruits not accessible to other grass-feeding animals. The wild hogs have spread nearly all over the world, and much astonishment was caused to the discoverers of the South Sea Islands by finding them in those far-off regions.

There is one peculiar form—the *Babirous*, or Indian Hog, only found in Borneo and the Celebes Islands. It runs much more swiftly than the boar and has a keener scent; when hunted closely it generally plunges into the sea, where it swims with remarkable swiftness and facility, diving and rising again at pleasure. Although fierce and terrible when offended, it is peaceable and harmless when unmolested. It is easily tamed, and its flesh is considered a dainty. These Indian hogs have a curious way of reposing themselves, different from any other animals of so large a kind, which is by hitching one of their upper tusks on the branch of a tree, and then suffering the whole body to swing down at ease. Thus suspended from a tooth, they continue the whole night quite secure, and out of the reach of the animals that hunt them for prey.

The *Capibara* of South America, though in other respects resembling the common hog, differs in being web-footed; it is an excellent swimmer and so evidently delights in the water that some naturalists call it the Water-Hog. It seizes fish like an otter, but lives chiefly on fruit and corn. As its feet are long and broad it is often seen sitting up like a dog that has been taught to beg, and its cry is more like the braying of an ass than the



grunting of a pig. In Africa the fierce Wart Hogs are as large as asses, with two pairs of strong tusks curling out of their mouths.

The male wild-boar lives generally alone in the thickest parts of dense forests, coming forth in the evening to procure his vegetable food; it is only when hard pressed by hunger that wild hogs ever eat animal substances. They only associate with the females occasionally; the latter always herd together, and their young ones remain with them till they are from two to three years old. As the period of birth draws nigh, the mothers retire as far as possible from the fathers lest they should devour their offspring, knowing that they are apt to be tempted in that way. The mothers defend their little ones by placing them behind themselves, and exposing their own lives to the fierce attacks of the foe, or they form a circle and display extraordinary courage while almost mad with fury.

According to Green, a large herd in the wilds of Vermont were seen one morning in a state of frantic restlessness, having formed a circle with their heads outwards and all the young ones placed in the middle, while a wolf was using every artifice to snap at one of them. The travellers pursued their journey, and on their return towards evening, found the herd scattered, but the wolf was dead, and completely ripped up. Schmarda relates an almost similar encounter between a herd of tame swine and a wolf, which he witnessed on the military frontier of Croatia in Hungary. The swine seeing two wolves, formed themselves into a wedge and approached the wolves slowly, grunting, snorting, and erecting their bristles. One wolf fled quickly, but the other leaped on the trunk of a tree. As soon as the swine reached it, they with one accord surrounded the tree, when, suddenly as the wolf attempted to leap over them, they flew at him, got him down and killed him in a moment. The wild-boars of Africa have a broader snout than their European kindred, and have two protuberances below the eyes which prevent them from seeing anything underneath them. They live in caves or subterranean holes of their own construction. One, which was for some time kept in captivity, when accidentally left loose one day in a small court close to his cage, tore up the pavement, and setting vigorously to work, had already dug a deep pit by the time the keeper returned. The African natives, when they succeed in spearing or entrapping one, tie his fore-feet together, sling him on a pole, decorate both him and themselves with creeping

plants, and return triumphantly to their huts, shouting and rejoicing. The flesh is very close-grained, hard, and white.

The hunting of wild-boars has been reckoned from early ages a *royal* sport, for, not only did it require considerable dexterity and courage, but it was attended with no little danger, these animals being exceedingly savage, and able with their strong tusks to rip open the body of their antagonist.

The following account of a boar-hunt in the forest of Luxembourg gives an idea of the exciting nature of the sport. At a battue several of these animals were driven together, and they came rushing on like a squadron of heavy dragoons breaking through the underwood. Several shots were fired and they tried to disperse. One of the huntsmen got out of the line, and a boar came rushing upon him, but a fresh shot broke one of his legs, which, though it made him more savage, caused him to turn into the forest. The well-trained dogs and the huntsmen pursued him and on coming up to him found him most alarmingly fierce. One of the hounds, more daring than the rest, made a dart at the beast, seized him by one ear and bounded over him to the opposite side. Thereupon they ran off together, the boar's head almost turned upside down ; but with a quick violent jerk the dog was shaken off, and the victorious boar, after tearing him open, tossed him several feet into the air. The pack then gathered so thickly round that the boar's progress was stayed and the huntsmen came up and cut his throat. At another point of the wood, a sow weighing three hundred pounds, and followed by her young, was wounded, and furiously pursued a hunter, whom she surprised in a narrow pass between two rocks. He waited her approach and fired, or rather tried to do so, but his gun missed. He then in an instant fell on his face and hands, and the sow ran over his body, but quickly rising, and loading his gun, he provoked the sow again by his cries, when the foaming creature, turning upon him with flashing eyes, received the charge in her head and fell.

In the larger European forests wild-boars are still commonly found, and hounds are trained expressly to hunt them. Horses are so much alarmed by them that sportsmen are often obliged to alight from their steeds to take a steady aim. In this country they were formerly considered as royal game and fines were imposed on those who dared to kill one without special permission. The exact period of their extirpation is uncertain, but in the reign of Charles the First orders were

issued to turn a number of domestic hogs into the New Forest that they might become wild enough for hunting, but they were all destroyed in the time of Cromwell. The number of ancient coats-of-arms in which they are found, and the numerous names of old places derived from them, fully prove how common they must have been in olden times; for instance, Brandon in Suffolk, which signifies *brawn's den*, brawn being the old term for boar. From the Saxon word for wild boar, *eofer*, we have the names of the towns of Eversham, Eversholt, and Everton. The surnames Hayward and Howard are corruptions of Hogwarden—an officer elected annually to see that the swine in the common forest pastures or dens were duly attended to. The Howard family first comes into notice in the Weald, where their name would lead us to expect to find them.

Hogs are by no means appreciated by all nations, they were held in the utmost abhorrence by the Egyptians, the Israelites, the Brahmins, and the Mahometans, being considered by them unclean animals. The Brahmins and the Mahometans, however, willingly rear them for the use of Christians, and also to make scavengers of them, for in a domestic condition they are omnivorous.

In their native state hogs run about in the forests eating beech-nuts and acorns, and digging up with their snouts for the larvæ of insects and nuts buried by mice. They will also eat grass and thrive upon it. In this condition the hog is of all quadrupeds the most delicate in the choice of what vegetable it feeds on, rejecting a greater number than any other. In the orchards of peach-trees in North America, where the hog has abundance of delicious food, it is observed that it will even reject the fruit that has lain a few hours on the ground, and continue on the watch great part of a day for a fresh wind-fall. The fact that in its captive state the hog does not reject putrid and other offensive matter, which no other animal will touch, only shows that it has become so completely degenerated that it has entirely lost its natural instincts while deprived of that food, which is most wholesome and agreeable to it in a state of nature, and seems possessed only of an insatiable desire to eat whatever comes in its way.

Wild hogs generally herd together in packs when searching for food. Mr. Byram, relating an adventure he had with them, says, "I was one day hunting alone on foot, in rather an open wood, when a large hog made his appearance, and not seeing

any of his companions, I let fly the ball and tumbled him over. He gave a loud fierce grunt or two as he lay, and instantly a large herd of hogs rushed out of some thick underwood behind him, and after looking at their wounded companion for a few seconds made a furious dash at me, but they were a trifle late, for on catching sight of them I ran for very life, climbed a tree, and had only just scrambled into some diverging branches, about ten feet from the ground, when the whole herd arrived, grunting and squeaking at the foot of the tree. I could not help laughing at the ridiculous figure I made, chased up a tree by a dozen pigs, but it turned out no laughing matter, for their patience was not, as I had hoped it would be, soon exhausted; they settled themselves round the tree a few yards distant and kept looking up at me with their little twinkling eyes, as much as to say, 'Ah! we'll have you yet, sir.' Having made up his mind to a regular siege, Mr. Byram examined his resources, and found them to be, a double-barrelled gun, a flask of powder, nearly full, plenty of copper caps, a few charges of shot, two balls, a knife, a flint and steel, a piece of hard, dried tongue, a small flask of spirits and water, and a bundle of cigars. He could not expect relief, a sally was out of the question, so he had to make himself as comfortable as he could. Hour after hour passed, still the hogs never stirred except when one or two went to look at their dead comrade as if to sharpen their revenge. At length the prisoner thought of firing off some powder every few minutes, shouting loudly at the same time. One barrel of his gun was still loaded with shot, and he aimed at an old hog, who, on returning from gazing at his deceased friend, looked up at him and gave a most indignant snort. The whole charge, at a distance of about twenty feet, went into the animal's face, who instantly turned round and ran off with a horrible yell. The rest of the party now charged altogether close up to the foot of the tree, but the cries of their wounded companion made them run after him, all grunting together in the loudest fashion." Mr. Byram remained in the tree a short time longer, but finding that the herd were still engrossed with the sufferer at a little distance, slipped down and ran away as fast as possible in the opposite direction.

Wild hogs, if caught very young, are easily tamed and domesticated as the following facts will show. The narrator had once an opportunity of seeing a young wild hog which had been caught in a Russian forest and brought to this country by ship.

She was about six months old when she landed in England, quite tame and a great favourite with the sailors, who, although she belonged to the gentler sex, called her Billy. When landed at a sea-port town in the West of England, she followed the Captain through the street just like a dog. The little creature was taken in a conveyance to her new quarters in the country, where she was formally introduced to the family, and soon made herself at home in the kitchen and yard. Not however, that she would remain in the kitchen, which she frequented only when seeking her food. Billy's hair was black and grew much thicker than that of the domestic pig, so that her skin was not visible as in the latter, and she had a row of black bristles down her back. Her figure was light, her movements active, and she was so clean in her habits that her coat never appeared to be soiled. She was always on good terms with the pigs of the farm, which were allowed to run about the yard at their pleasure, but whenever a strange pig ventured to enter the gates, Billy was sure to take it by the ear and lead it out, and if the gate happened to be shut, she would stand upon her hind legs and adroitly unfasten it, and then push the intruder out without further ceremony.

Domestic pigs, instead of being kept in the filthy state of captivity so common at the present day, were in the olden times attended by swineherds, on the large estates in this country, whose business it was to lead the swine every day into the forests to feed, and to lead them back again to styes at night. Sir Walter Scott has immortalized the Saxon swineherd in the character of Gurth in *Ivanhoe*. In many parts of Germany pigs are still fed in the forests. Sir F. Head describes how in a German village, that important personage—the swine-general—blows his horn early in the morning, at the sound of which all the pigs issue from every yard and follow him in procession to the forest, where they remain searching for food till evening, when again the swineherd blows his horn, the scattered animals immediately collect and follow him back to the village, and then each pig leaving the herd returns to his own home for the night. Even in this country to this day, in some of the hamlets adjoining certain forests, pigs are called by a horn and led out to feed, and as soon as they hear the horn they rush out of their own accord, pursuing their course in a straight line, almost regardless of obstacles.

Since, however, forests have in a great measure disappeared in England, pigs are no longer suffered to roam about, and have

in consequence of the strict confinement and dirty condition in which they are commonly kept, greatly degenerated. Shut up in their styes they have become as filthy in their habits as their surroundings. A washed sow, not having the wild hog's protection of hair in the hot season, returns to her wallowing in the mire, but this is because she feels scorched and blistered and sick, under the burning rays of the sun, or, for the purpose of getting rid of vermin and keeping off flies, just as savages in hot countries cover themselves with grease. When the pig receives from man the care which is due to her as a domestic animal, not only wholesome food but shade in summer, shelter in winter and a clean dry bed in every season, she becomes much more profitable as well as more intelligent. The *Rural Cyclopædia* gives an account of six pigs of nearly equal weight kept for seven weeks on the same food and litter, they were kept as clean as possible with brush and curry-comb, and were found at the end of the time to have *consumed five bushels less of peas than the other three, and yet to have gained thirty-two pounds weight in excess of the others!* Those who have partaken of the pork from pigs fed on clean and wholesome food, can bear witness to its superiority in flavour and solidity.

Swine and other cattle in the Tyrol display more intelligence and are much more lively among themselves because they are treated with judgment and affection. And in some parts of Limousin in France, where they are most carefully tended, they are much more cleanly, docile, and attached to their masters than is ordinarily the nature of their race.

The pig has many young ones at a litter, and among these there is always one smaller than the rest, which in the Eastern counties is called the cad-pig, in Cornwall the middle drish. Hence, when one child in a family happens to be very small, the little one is named by the Cornish people middle drish.

It is a common saying that when a pig attempts to swim he cuts his own throat, but the fact is, pigs can generally swim well. Some years ago, during a great storm, when the sea washed into Seaford in Sussex and flooded a town, a pig was so frightened that he swam as far as Chinbury farm—a distance of two miles, before he thought himself safe. The pig in swimming often gives his throat some awkward scrape with his sharply pointed fore-feet, so as to draw blood, and thus may have arisen the saying.

Pigs are also frequently known to catch fish, but in rather



an ingenious way of their own. At the mouth of the river Tavey in Devonshire there are extensive mud flats covered with only about five inches of water. A sow was observed to go frequently into the river at low water, and to lie down in it. She lay quite still in the water for a time, then, when the fish came round her, she snapped them up. Another day one was seen with two of these delicate fishes in her mouth, the tails projecting out of each side of her snout. A pig has been seen to catch six or seven red mullet in one tide. In this there appeared some degree of reasoning power on the part of the sow. There must have been both observation and thought before she discovered the fact that the fish could only be obtained at low tide, and that the rise and fall was periodical. She must have been able to discriminate between the ebb and flow of the tide, so as to time her visits to the shore at low water.

Pigs have a great love of warmth, which they indulge as far as is in their power, and when they have made their straw bed they lie down—the head of one pig towards the tail of the next, and the feet of one towards the back of the other. Thus they avoid breathing into each others faces. This recalls to mind an incident that occurred a few years ago in a wayside inn in a remote part of the West of England, illustrating the habits of the pig, and moreover proving that travelling, like misfortune, makes one acquainted with strange bed-fellows.

One bitter cold night two gentlemen arrived at the inn and were compelled by the inclemency of the weather to pass the night there. The elder accepted the only spare bed in an upper room, the younger was obliged to remain in the kitchen below, and, wrapping himself in his great coat, he lay down near the great wood fire and soon fell asleep. At an early hour next morning the elder traveller and the landlord came downstairs into the kitchen, and what they saw caused a burst of laughter, which awoke the young man. Several pigs surrounded with clean straw were lying comfortably round the fire, alternate snout and feet together as usual, and the youth was sleeping soundly between two of them with his head resting on the fat side of a porker! As in that primitive part of the country locks to doors were unknown, and even the simple door latch often left unfastened, the pigs had either raised the latch or pushed the door open, and each carrying straw in their mouths, had made a litter for themselves round the fire, of the warmth

of which they gladly took advantage, and composed themselves to sleep, undisturbed by their already sleeping companion. Pigs are as impatient of wet as of cold, and it is as much to guard against the one as the other that, when they are unconfined, they collect straw and place it under a shed in the yard, and seem to invite their companions to assist in the task.

They have also a curious presentiment of an approaching change of weather, when they may be seen leaving a field where they had previously been quietly feeding, and running to their styes at full speed, making a great outcry all the way; or hastily collecting straw and carrying it to a place of shelter. *Virgil* in enumerating the signs of settled fine weather, has noticed this propensity of the pig.

Nor sows unclean are mindful to provide  
Their nestling beds of mouth-collected straws.

There is also a proverb that "when pigs carry straw in their mouths it is a sign of rain." This inclination to provide shelter for themselves is the survival of an instinct, which in their captive state is no longer necessary for their protection and comfort.

CHARACTERISTICS OF PIGS.—INTELLIGENCE.—There can be no doubt that pigs, when carefully trained, exhibit a degree of intelligence which is only surpassed by the highest carnivora. The tricks taught to the so-called "learned pigs" would sufficiently prove this, while the marvellous skill, with which swine sometimes open latches and fastenings of gates, is only equalled by the cat and the dog. Jesse tells of a pig belonging to a friend of his, which stood on his hind legs and reached branches of apple trees and shook them, sometimes with his mouth, sometimes with his forefeet, till the apples fell, and then quietly fed on them. "It is common as soon as the wind rises after a calm," he says, "to see these animals rouse themselves from their sleep and hasten to the nearest apple or oak trees, well aware that the wind will shake down food for them." Mr. Stephen Harding saw an intelligent sow, about twelve months old, running in an orchard to a young apple tree and shaking it, pricking up her ears at the same time, as if to listen to hear the apples fall. After the apples were eaten, she shook the trunk of the tree again and listened, but as there were no more to fall she soon went away.

An instance may be mentioned of a pig which had been

stolen by two men, who were driving it at night along an unfrequented path near Rotherham. As the pig squeaked loudly, they feared they might be betrayed, and resolved to kill it. The poor creature, however, struggled violently, and had already received a wound, when it managed to escape into a neighbouring field, squeaking still louder, and with the blood flowing from its wound. The robbers were pursuing the pig when they found themselves face to face with a large bull, which had till now been quietly grazing. Apparently understanding the state of affairs and compassionating the pig which had run up to him with a beseeching look, he ran fiercely at the men, compelling them to fly for their lives. It was only indeed by desperately leaping over a hedge that they escaped being tossed by the bull. In vain did they wait in the hope of recovering the pig; she, having found a good friend, was too wise to desert him, and kept close to his side till the crowing of the cocks in the neighbouring farm warned the robbers to make their escape, and then poor piggy, bidding her new friend good-bye, returned to her home.

**DOCILITY.**—Concerning the docility of these animals an account was given by Sir Henry Mildmay. The Toomer brothers, who were King's keepers in the New Forest, conceived the idea of training a sow to point game, which in a fortnight they succeeded in doing, and in a few weeks they had taught her to retrieve. The latter instruction was conveyed by means of stones and pudding; when she failed in her duty she was showered with stones, but if she dropped her ears and tail and sank upon her knees, not rising till the birds had already risen, she was feasted on lumps of pudding. Her scent was exceedingly good; she stood well also at partridges, black game, pheasants, snipe and rabbits, but never pointed hares. She was more useful than a dog, and was afterwards purchased by Sir Henry Mildmay.

Youatt, in his book on pigs, tells of a sow belonging to Colonel Thornton, which was similarly trained. Pigs have also been taught to mind sheep, and have proved themselves good substitutes for the colley dog. In the south of France they often draw the plough and are taught to hunt the truffles, which are hidden under the soil.

**LOCAL ATTACHMENT.**—Some swine not only show their disapproval of being removed from comfortable quarters, but manifest considerable impatience on finding themselves with a

new master. Not long ago some pigs which had been taken in a sack fifteen miles through a Canadian wood, had by the next morning found their way back to their more comfortable old home.

A few years ago a gentleman residing at Caversham having bought two pigs at Reading market, had them taken in a sack and turned into his yard, which lay on the banks of the Thames. The next morning the pigs were missing, a hue and cry was immediately raised, and towards afternoon a person gave information that two pigs had been seen swimming across the river at its broadest part. They were afterwards seen trotting along the Pangbourne road; and in one place, where the road branches off, putting their noses together as if in deep consultation! The result was their safe return to the place from which they had been conveyed to Reading market, a distance of nine miles and by cross roads. The farmer from whom they had been purchased brought them back to their new owner, but they took the very first opportunity to escape again, re-crossed the water, and never stopped till they found themselves once more at home. In this instance we see difficulties overcome and an element encountered to which the animals were unaccustomed, in order to arrive at a distant place to which they were attached. And that they should be in possession of an instinct which induced them to swim a river and led them in almost a direct line to their distant home, is not a little surprising.

RECOGNITION.—These animals can easily distinguish persons, and often show strongly their likes and dislikes. Instances are known in which a sow would quietly suffer the master or mistress to approach her, and even remove some of her young ones without evincing any revengeful feelings; but if the man, whose business it was to look after her, came near, she would instantly get into a fury and almost roar at him to keep him off. When this occurs, it may usually be traced to harsh and brutal treatment on the part of the serving-man, which the dumb beasts remember and resent.

REVENGE.—Pigs are known to be resentful and vindictive under strong provocation. An Irishman in the south of Ireland having, in a passion, severely beaten one of his pigs, it immediately ran off and could not be found. A few days afterwards the owner encountered his pig in a narrow path some miles distant. The creature at once set up his back, glared at

him, and loudly grunting looked most fierce. The man, confident of frightening the animal, raised his stick to strike it, when the furious beast sprang at him, and with a loud snort seized his hand, and bit him so severely that the poor man was glad to make his escape.

KINDNESS AND SYMPATHY.—Pigs are generally kind and compassionate to each other, and if they hear the cries of one of their companions in distress, they not only show sympathy for him, but they endeavour to assist him to the utmost of their power. When a pig is caught in a gate, says Thompson, or suffers from any other calamity, all the rest are seen to gather round it, to lend their fruitless assistance, and to sympathize with its sufferings. In a small village in Yorkshire, a sow having met with an accident, was taken to a veterinary surgeon in the neighbourhood, who set the leg and bandaged it carefully. Months afterwards one of her companions was hurt in the leg, and the sow immediately induced it to follow her to the surgery. On arriving there, she, by piteous looks first at her friend's wound, then at the doctor, made the latter understand that she had come to claim his assistance for her suffering companion, and as soon as the wound had been dressed the two friends trotted home together.

An authenticated story was told at Whitby a few years ago, of a pig which displayed no small amount of intelligence, as well as sympathy. In a field along the top of the cliff overhanging the sea, close to the old church, a horse was observed one day quietly grazing, when a pig rushed up to it, and, moving backwards and forwards in an agitated way, uttered loud grunts to attract the notice of the horse. It was in vain, for, after gazing at his noisy companion, the latter turned away to eat in another part. Then the distracted pig was seen to hasten back to the edge of the cliff, and after looking down, once more set off to call the horse's attention, by still louder noises and more animated gesticulations. But the horse continuing insensible of his appeal, he turned back with such signs of distress, that he was followed, and looking down the cliff another pig was seen lying exhausted on a slippery edge, some ten feet below, jutting out from the cliff. Evidently it had fallen through the broken railing; if it attempted to raise itself, it was in danger of rolling into the sea below. Whilst the neighbouring farmer at the abbey was communicated with, the compassionate pig watched his unhappy friend in the greatest anxiety, first trying

to get through the railing, then calling out in the most piteous way for help, till three men came. One of them cautiously clambering down, contrived to fasten one rope round the hind legs, another round the fore legs, and a third one round the body, and then it was carefully hoisted up by the two men above. The unfortunate animal appeared to understand clearly their friendly intentions, and lay quite still; indeed, had he made any struggle, both he and his rescuers would inevitably have slipped down the cliff together. The joy of his sympathizing companion on beholding his safe arrival, was intense. But no sooner was the captive set free from the ropes than they scampered off together, without seeming to make any attempt to thank their benefactors.

AFFECTION FOR THE YOUNG.—Such is the affection of a sow—when not utterly degraded by neglect and ill-usage—that there is often some danger in depriving her of one of her young ones, and they are known to be very cunning in devising means of protecting them. Bingley mentions a sow that had a litter of pigs, one of which, when old enough, was taken, killed, and roasted, then a second and a third. These were each taken when the sow returned from the woods with them in the evening. After this she was observed to come back alone, and her owners, being anxious to know what had become of her brood, had her watched on the following evening, and she was seen to drive back her little ones at the extremity of the wood with much earnest grunting, while she went off to the sty, leaving them to wait for her return. Evidently the poor mother had noticed the diminution of her family, and had adopted this plan to save those that remained. Pigs also are frequently known to run to man for help when their young are in danger.

The following anecdote recalls a quaint old proverb: "If you invite a pig to dine he is sure to put one foot on the table." Some gentlemen at an exhibition were criticizing and admiring a picture by the artist Morland, who excelled in painting domestic animals. One of them, an extensive farmer, being asked if he did not think the picture very true to nature, replied, "No, for no one ever saw a number of pigs feeding together, but one of them was sure to put its foot in the trough." Morland had failed to observe this familiar trait. The pig also frequently makes use of his foot to steady any object he may be eating, as a cabbage, though neither cows nor sheep ever use their feet in this way.



The pig is easily tamed, and often becomes the pet of the children in the Irish cabins. Among the many stories of pet pigs may be cited that of Jeanne, born on board ship, and saved out of a litter of six from the butcher's knife. She was allowed to run about deck as she liked among the sheep and goats. During a heavy storm most of the live stock was washed off, but Jeanne survived because she had been stowed away in the long boat by some of the sailors. In warm latitudes the men used to take their meals on deck, and she was always one of the mess, poking her nose into every bread bag, often scalding it in the soup. Being the sailors' constant companion, they taught her many tricks; sometimes in their mischievous moods they poured grog down her throat, and two or three times they made her tipsy, when she behaved as people generally do on such occasions.

At length, in consequence of the scarcity of fresh provisions in the Chinese seas, Jeanne was ordered to be killed, her fry to be eaten one day, her head as soup the next, and then her legs, &c., were to be roasted and boiled, and so on. But the whole ship's company pleaded hard that their pet might be spared, saying that she obeyed like a dog, and always came when called. Whereupon the Captain called out, "Jeanne, Jeanne!" and instantly she came bouncing along with such speed that she tripped up the officer of the watch. The Captain's heart being touched, he countermanded the order, and she was spared.

Like many other pets, Jeanne grew very fat and lazy, and became an object of attraction to the Chinese, who wanted to buy her, and, being refused, watched for her, knowing she must die soon and be thrown overboard. The sailors, however, were resolved not to gratify the Chinamen, and when poor Jean breathed her last, masses of ballast were lashed to her so firmly that when she was lowered over the ship's side her well loaded carcase went down too deep for the search of the cunning Chinese.

A story is told of a tame pig belonging to a farmer's little daughter in Ireland, which seems to have been able to *measure time*. It had been petted from its birth and accustomed to follow its little mistress about in all her walks. At length the child began to go to a day school in a neighbouring town; piggy always accompanied her as far as the gate of the school house, and then returned quietly home. Regularly as the hour for closing school drew nigh, the faithful creature might be seen

watching about the door, and if by chance his young mistress had been detained a little, her humble friend showed his delight by more than ordinary gambols and joyous snorts as soon as she appeared.

Lockhart, in his *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, gives an amusing incident which he witnessed at Abbotsford of a tame pig. One morning Sir Walter was setting out on an expedition in company with several friends, when his younger daughter laughingly exclaimed, "Papa, papa, I knew you could never think of going without your pet." Scott looked round, and perceived a little black pig frisking about his pony, evidently a self-elected addition to the party of the day. He tried to look stern, and cracked his whip at the creature, but was in a moment obliged to join in the general laughter. Poor piggy soon found a strap round its neck, and was dragged into the background, while Scott, as he watched the retreat, repeated with mock sentiment the first verse of the old pastoral song :

What will I do gin my hoggie die,  
My joy, my pride, my hoggie !

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## *A Holiday in Palestine.*

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### PART THE SECOND.

AFTER the delightful day I spent upon the heights of Tabor and the shores of the Lake of Tiberias, my return journey to Caïffa seemed dull and uninteresting. As a matter of fact, my mind was engrossed in reviewing the past, rather than in observing the scenes through which my road actually lay. Suffice it therefore to remark that I reached Caïffa in safety, and after one day of much needed repose, embarked on Friday, the 3rd of August, at seven o'clock in the morning, on board the Austrian Lloyd steamer, the *Daphne*, which touched at Caïffa on its way to Jaffa.

The coast scenery was monotonous and unattractive to the last degree, so that it was with a feeling of relief I found myself, about four o'clock in the afternoon, within sight of my destination. Seated on a picturesque eminence, Jaffa, the Joppa of the ancients, has lost none of the charms which caused it to be known as *Yâfa*, signifying in Hebrew, beautiful or graceful. Among our passengers there happened to be a native of Bethlehem, who was returning to his home. I made friends with him, almost before we were out of sight of Caïffa, and requested him, when the time to disembark should come, to aid me in reaching the shore. My precaution proved to have been no useless one, for how I should ever have succeeded in landing safely at Jaffa without his assistance, I really cannot imagine. Scarcely had the *Daphne* fairly come to a standstill, than the deck was invaded by a horde of Arab boatmen, all shrieking, gesticulating, and squabbling, in order to obtain possession of our persons and effects. Amid this indescribable noise and confusion, I followed as closely as I could the guide I had chosen, although, do what I might, the jostling, pushing crowd ever and anon separated me from him, and it is quite possible I might have lost sight of him altogether, had it not been for his huge brightly-coloured

turban, which amid the surging sea of heads, towered before me like a light-house, and served to direct my steps. Ere long we were both safely seated in a boat; a few rapid strokes made us clear of the crowd, and in a very short time we reached the shore.

Great was my delight at finding myself once more on *terra firma*, especially as it was also *terra sancta*. Without further delay I directed my steps towards the Franciscan monastery; as I was in the act of entering the door-way, a Jew accosted me, requesting that I would engage a place in his conveyance, which was to start for Jerusalem at five o'clock that afternoon, the fare being five francs. He offered me a deposit of two francs, as a proof that his proposal was a bona-fide one, and placed the money in my hand before I had time to reflect what he was doing. His method was so new to me, that it aroused my suspicions, and at first I positively refused to have anything to do with him, but Fra Giovanni, the charitable guest-master of the monastery, having assured me that the plan was a most ordinary one, I subsequently revoked my decision, and five o'clock found me at the appointed *rendezvous*.

The appearance of the equipage was certainly the reverse of encouraging. The vehicle itself, though boasting the name of *carrozza*, was merely a rough cart, while to it were harnessed three wretched-looking horses, with drooping heads and a general air of weary dejection, the driver being an uncouth-looking Arab, whose garments were tattered and dirty in the extreme. Yet a short time back even this wretched conveyance was not to be obtained, and to judge by the proud self-satisfied tone in which the inhabitants of Jaffa talk of their *carrozza*, one can plainly see that the miserable makeshift is in their eyes the *ne plus ultra* of civilized convenience and luxurious ease. The passengers scrambled in as best they could, I took my place on the second seat beside a Greek priest, a shower of blows rained down upon our miserable steeds, and we were off!

The journey which followed certainly formed no agreeable feature of my holiday experiences; all night long the carriage rattled and jolted over stony and uneven roads until I felt so bruised and shaken that when at length the wished-for dawn appeared, I could scarcely throw off the weariness which oppressed me sufficiently to look with interest on the valley supposed to be the scene of David's combat with Goliath. On a stone bridge we crossed the brook whence the young shepherd

took the five smooth stones he put into his srip, and soon afterwards, leaving on the left the village of Koulonia, the Emmaus of the Gospel, we begin to climb the steep ascent which leads to Jerusalem. About eight o'clock its hallowed walls came into full view, a little more patience, and I was able to alight, worn-out indeed with fatigue, but full of thankfulness to God, and rejoiced to stand at length within the precincts of the Holy City, which I entered by the gate of Jaffa. Passing the Tower of David, now alas! a Turkish citadel, in about three minutes I reached Casa Nova, and inquired my way to the Convent of St. Sauveur, where, having shown my papers, I said Mass. Afterwards I retired to my room in order to rest and recruit before sallying forth to take my first walk through the streets of Jerusalem. On this occasion I preferred to dispense with the services of a guide, in order that I might thus be left to form my own independent impressions entirely unaided and alone.

Fain would I in the first place have turned my steps to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, but it was not yet possible to enter it, for the Greeks, who are the almost absolute masters of the holy places, keep the doors closed against Latin pilgrims until any hour which seems good to them, so that one is not unfrequently excluded from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre up to three or four o'clock in the afternoon. Walking therefore in the direction of the gate of Damascus, I traversed the whole length of the principal street which intersects the city from north to south, and I must frankly confess that the impression made upon me was a most depressing and disappointing one. Eastern cities, as a rule, redeem by their picturesque beauty the want of order and cleanliness which characterizes them, but with Jerusalem such is not the case. Never could I have imagined streets so dark, gloomy, unsavoury, and unattractive. Nor did the outlook become much brighter when, after my rapid survey of the interior, I visited the house of the Christian Brothers, situated on an eminence which commands a view, not only of the whole exterior of the city, but also of a wide extent of surrounding country. It was a melancholy panorama upon which I gazed; at my feet lay a desolate city, apparently half in ruins, to the East rose a bare hill-side, dotted over here and there with stunted olive-trees, and as a frame to the dull grey picture, there was nothing but a limitless desert, stony, arid, indistinct! Striking indeed was the contrast afforded by all

this to the clear sunny horizons, and bright cheering scenes I had so lately beheld in Galilee, and I forcibly felt that I had not come hither to behold fair sights or alluring prospects, but that in Jerusalem, of all places, the tourist must give place to the pilgrim.

About three o'clock the doors of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre were at length opened, and with sentiments of the deepest veneration I entered the ancient basilica. Greeks were chanting their interminable Office in a decidedly nasal tone, Copts were singing plaintive melodies with an appearance of pious recollection, a noisy crowd was hurrying hither and thither in the space beneath the cupola, everywhere voices were heard engaged in eager conversation. Passing through a low doorway, I found myself in the place where the sacred Body of our Lord was laid. Numerous lamps are kept burning there day and night, rendering the air of the grotto heavy and oppressive; at the further end of it stands a white-bearded monk, rigid and motionless as a statue. Kneeling, I pressed my lips on to the marble slab which covers the rock, and, having spent some time in silent prayer, I re-entered the church in order to wait until four o'clock, the hour at which the Franciscan Fathers commence their daily procession. The ceremony lasts about an hour, exactly the time it takes to consume the small taper of yellow wax, which every one who bears part in the procession carries in his hand. Starting from the chapel of our Lady, a spot exclusively reserved for Latins, the following twelve stations are visited in succession: the pillar of Flagellation, the prison of Calvary, the place where our Lord's garments were divided, the scene of the Invention of the Holy Cross, the chapel of St. Helena, the spot where our Lord was crowned with thorns, Calvary, the place where the Cross was set up, the stone of Unction, the Holy Sepulchre, the scene of our Lord's apparition to St. Mary Magdalene, and finally, the chapel which marks the spot where He appeared to His Blessed Mother. At each station the officiating priest recites the appointed prayers, and at the word *Hic*, every one kisses the ground. It would be difficult to describe the emotion which thrilled me, when standing on Calvary, I listened to the solemn strain:

O crux, ave, spes unica,  
Hic Christi tendens brachia,  
Auge piis justitiam  
Reisque dona veniam.



As a conclusion to this, my first day in Jerusalem, I again ascended the terrace belonging to the Christian Brothers, in order to see the sun set. But here were not to be found the resplendent beauty and the rich glowing lines of an Eastern sunset. Nature seems doomed to perpetual mourning, and the pale sad city refuses to respond to the floods of light shed over it by the parting orb of day, so that the sun's last rays instead of colouring it with a garment of many-coloured loveliness, do but enfold it, as it were, in a gloomy shroud!

The next day, Sunday, the 5th of August, I said Mass on Calvary. The rock rises above the floor of the church, one altar marks the spot where our Lord was crucified, and a second that whereon the Cross was erected. These altars, however, are the property of the Greeks; here, therefore, as everywhere else, the Latins are reduced to a miserable bondage, and are forced to rest satisfied with a movable altar placed at an equal distance from both the other two. Yet this was a matter of but small moment, as far as I was personally concerned, for what more could I have possibly desired than the privilege I actually enjoyed, namely, that of offering the Holy Sacrifice on the very spot which witnessed its original consummation?

The afternoon was devoted to a thorough inspection of the city, with the aid of a dragoman, and as the approach of night found my task but half accomplished, I completed it on Monday, the 6th of August, in the morning of which day I had said Mass in the Grotto of the Agony, close to the Garden of Gethsemane.

In the course of the second expedition I made in the company of my dragoman, a ludicrous incident occurred, which I here mention as affording an excellent illustration of the familiar saying: "From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but a step." We were passing beneath a narrow gateway, when from the midst of a drove of the diminutive cows which abound in Palestine, one smaller and less amiable than her companions, actuated by some sudden impulse, or stung by a fly, rushed towards us in the most menacing of attitudes. Quick as thought my dragoman, who was walking in advance of me, disappeared into a place of safety, leaving me completely at the mercy of the irritated animal, for the man, a Mussulman doubtless, who was in charge of the cows, stood looking on, without attempting to interfere. If it was written in the book of fate that I was to be tossed aloft on the horns of one of his cows, it was *Kismet*, and he could do nothing! My view of the

question not coinciding altogether with that which he entertained, on the spur of the moment I opened the green and yellow sun-umbrella I happened to be carrying, and whirled it round vigorously in the face of my assailant, which startled, I suppose, by the brilliant colours, and a little awed perhaps by my white *keffé* and black beard, decamped forthwith. My courageous and ready-witted dragoman immediately came up to me, and said with the greatest coolness, and without attempting to make even the shadow of an apology: "This is the first time anything of the kind has occurred."

On Tuesday, the 7th of August, I arose betimes, and wended my way to the Mount of Olives, in order that I might from thence see the sun rise, before I went to say Mass at the Carmelite convent. The portress who received me there was a negress of the blackest ebony; after my Mass was finished she accompanied me to the spot whence our Lord ascended to Heaven. A wretched mosque has been erected at the place, in the courtyard of which the print of our Lord's left foot is shown beneath a small cupola.

I was desirous of inspecting the Mosque of Omar, built on the site of the ancient Temple, but was compelled to defer my visit, owing to the fact that the followers of the Prophet were just then celebrating the feast of Baïram, which lasts three days, and follows the fast of Ramadan. The best thing I could do, therefore, was to set out at once for Bethlehem, especially as a secret and, as the sequel proved, a true presentiment warned me to avoid delay, since if cholera were to break out in Syria, I should be compelled either to put to sea immediately, or to incur the risk of no longer finding a steamer sailing from Jaffa. I wished, not only to visit Bethlehem, which is an undertaking fraught with no danger or difficulty, but to push on to the Mountain of the Franks, called by the Arabs *Djebel Fureidis*, and situated between Bethlehem and the Dead Sea, in a district greatly infested by brigands. This is a very different affair, yet I was extremely anxious to reach the mountain which stands completely alone, and affords from its summit a view of the desert of Judæa, and of the Dead Sea, equal in extent and comprehensiveness to the view which may be enjoyed from the heights of Tabor. I was furthermore desirous of studying the Bedouins a little more closely, and making a personal survey of one of their encampments, yet it seemed idle to flatter myself that my wishes could be realized,

for no guide, however wary and experienced he may be, would volunteer to venture alone into these perilous regions, and it was of course utterly out of the question for me to think of engaging an escort.

My preparations for the expedition to Bethlehem were soon concluded, and I was taking leave of the excellent Franciscan Fathers who had of late been my courteous entertainers, when the porter of the convent came to inform me that a Frenchman who resided at Bethlehem, was at the Patriarchate, and wanted to see me. I had not the slightest idea who it could be, but I hastened to the place indicated, where I found a young man of most prepossessing manners and appearance, who introduced himself to me as one of the professors in an educational establishment at Bethlehem. Business, he explained, had taken him that morning to Jerusalem, and hearing that I was just setting out for Bethlehem, he begged to be allowed to be my companion. "For," he added, "one does not meet with a fellow-countryman every day, and it is besides such a pleasure to have an opportunity of speaking one's native language!" I was charmed, of course, and this meeting proved most fortunate for me, in every way. My new acquaintance was exceptionally pleasant, a good talker, a keen observer, and withal a sound practical Catholic, so that as we rode along, side by side, we soon felt like old friends. I confided to my sympathetic fellow-traveller my ardent longing to climb the Mountain of the Franks, when he, to my great surprise and still greater delight, at once volunteered to accompany me thither, as he had himself, on more than one occasion, already visited the spot, and considered the risk attendant upon the expedition to be grossly exaggerated by the majority of persons. Before we parted, it was agreed that we should set out at noon on the following day.

The sun had already sunk below the horizon, when I rang at the gate of the Franciscans, and, upon presenting my ticket of admission, was received forthwith. Upon inquiring at what time it would be convenient for me to say Mass next morning in the Grotto, I was informed that only two Masses could be said there daily, the first at an exceedingly early hour, before the arrival of the Greeks, and the second, about six o'clock, when they usually suspend their Offices for a brief interval. At six o'clock I accordingly presented myself, and the reader will understand the astonishment I felt when, on entering the

Grotto, I perceived a Turkish soldier standing close to the altar, with fixed bayonet! The nearness of this Mahometan had certainly not the effect of increasing my devotion, but I subsequently learned that this precautionary measure is rendered absolutely necessary by the frequent quarrels and sanguinary disputes which break out between members of the two different Churches in regard to the possession of the holy places. Everywhere, in the very cradle of their glory, the descendants of the Crusaders are treated as a degraded race, and the Catholic faith is considered as an effete and moribund superstition, to be ridiculed and insulted with impunity.

During the morning I visited various places of interest in Bethlehem and its immediate vicinity; a hasty dinner followed, and punctually at noon, my friend of yesterday made his appearance, bringing with him one of the orphans from the school with which he was connected. The lad who was about fifteen, and bore the name of Bécharah (good news), was intended to act as our interpreter in case of need, and also to carry our modest store of refreshments. In rather more than two hours we had reached the summit of the Mountain of the Franks, so called because, according to an Arab tradition, the Crusaders, when driven from the rest of Palestine, entrenched themselves amid its rocky fastnesses, and thus held at bay for a term of forty years the victorious hosts of the foe. Great was my delight on beholding the striking and extensive panorama spread out at my feet, especially as the remarkable clearness of the atmosphere rendered its minutest details distinctly visible. There was the wide expanse of the Dead Sea, the desert of Judæa in all its savage grandeur, the arid plain of Jericho, Mount Nebo, and nearer still a stretch of burning sand whose monotony was relieved by occasional herds of cattle, and tracks marked out by the feet of the rapacious Bedouin. The scene was at once dreary and impressive, it was impossible not to feel that the shadow, as it were, of Sodom and Gomorrha still hovers over the melancholy region where every object reminds the traveller that the judgments of God are terrible indeed!

As we were preparing to commence the descent, my companion, whom I will call M. Raynaud, pointed out to me a Bedouin encampment in the distance, adding that he proposed we should visit it, as in his belief we could do so with perfect safety, if only we were careful not to linger late, but to take heed

to leave so as to reach Bethlehem before nightfall. When we came within sight of the tents we reined in our mules and sent Bécharah on in front to ask hospitality from the Sheikh in our name. Upon receiving a favourable reply, we proceeded to his tent, in the opening of which we found him standing to receive us. He was apparently about sixty years of age, the expression of his countenance being mild and gentle, but totally wanting in intelligence. Carpets were at once brought, upon which we seated ourselves in Eastern fashion, and I busied myself in scrutinizing the interior of the encampment; it consisted of some forty tents, arranged in rectangular form on an almost imperceptible slope, the Sheikh's tent being pitched on the highest point so as to dominate all the rest. In the midst were the camels and donkeys belonging to the tribe, carefully picketed. The men had already grouped themselves in front of us, and were staring at us with open eyes, occasionally communicating to each other their impressions of the strangers, but doing this in the fewest possible words, and with an unmoved gravity of demeanour. One of their number was especially attracted by my sun-umbrella, he opened it cautiously, examined it thoroughly, and then displayed it to his companions, showing as he did so his long white teeth, and uttering short guttural exclamations, which seemed to say, "What a pity it is yet so early! If it were only moonlight it would be so easy to obtain possession of these pretty trifles by quietly putting their owners out of the way!"

"If," as Châteaubriand remarks,<sup>1</sup> "the Arab would only keep his mouth shut, no one could detect the savage in him. As soon however as he begins to speak, causing to be heard his noisy language, with its harsh and peculiar intonations, resembling the sounds emitted by the brute creation, he displays his long, pointed, and dazzlingly-white teeth, which resemble those of the jackal and other wild animals. In this he differs from the aborigines of North America, whose untamed ferocity may be read in the glance of their eyes, while the expression of their mouth is gentle and humane."

We distributed tobacco and cigarette-paper, and then M. Raynaud proposed to our entertainers that they should partake of some *raki*, or brandy. To do this is to commit a mortal sin against the law of the Prophet, a solemn silence therefore ensued, all eyes being turned towards the Sheikh, who

<sup>1</sup> *Itinéraire de Paris à Jérusalem*. 3me Partie, Mer Morte.

preserved an absolute impassibility. At length, one bolder than the rest stretched out his hand towards the fatal bottle, and imbibed a copious draught. O cruelty of fate! The much-coveted brandy for which he was thus willing to sell his soul proved to be nothing more than some thin white wine we had brought with us, which the heat of the sun, combined with a good shaking, had probably turned into a liquid more nearly resembling vinegar. Yet, as every one was looking at him, the unlucky sinner suppressed all outward token of disappointment, and calmly passed the bottle to his neighbour, who drank in like manner, made no sign, and offered the beverage to a third. He had no sooner tasted the contents of the bottle than, more demonstrative or less enduring than the other two, he exclaimed, "Bad! bad!" thus revealing to the rest the joke which was being played on them. I feared they might take it amiss, but no annoyance was manifested, and the matter dropped directly.

The Sheikh now proposed to offer us coffee, and as we signified our willingness to partake of this refreshment, he caused a fire to be lighted before the tents, himself personally superintended the roasting of the coffee, and afterwards ground it with his own hands, in a mortar, using for the purpose a pestle made of a rare kind of porphyry. Thus prepared, the coffee was thrown into boiling water, and served in china cups without either milk or sugar, no attempt having been made to separate it from the grounds. Upon our requesting to be allowed to inspect the encampment somewhat more closely, the Sheikh gave a willing assent, and indeed offered to be himself our guide. The women were busily at work beneath their tents, the first one we noticed was engaged in grinding corn after the primitive fashion referred to in Holy Writ, the mill being composed of two discs of stone, the one placed over the other with the corn between them. A little further we found another woman making a rough sort of cloth out of camels' hair. She could by no means understand the curiosity with which we watched her operations, and laughed right merrily at the interest we took in her simple toil. Had I been alone I feel certain that I should have forgotten the lapse of time, in the midst of these novel scenes and circumstances, but M. Raynaud, who took care to keep his eyes about him, became ere long aware that a sort of vague excitement was beginning to pervade the camp. Seizing the earliest available opportunity he hinted to me, coolly rolling a cigarette between his fingers the while, that the sun was getting low and that it



was time to be off. "Were we to linger too long," he added, "these rogues, who appear so hospitable and obliging, would not hesitate to strip us of everything we possess, just as they would do if they came upon us in the recesses of some distant forest." We therefore prepared to take leave, the Sheikh and a few of the men belonging to the tribe, escorting us to the entrance of the camp.

By the time we once more reached Bethlehem, the sun had set. In the square before the convent we cordially shook hands without dismounting, and I said adieu to M. Raynaud, expressing to him as best I could my sincere thanks for the great kindness he had shown me. The next day, Thursday, the 9th of August, I rose very early, and after a delightful ride in the cool morning air again found myself in Jerusalem. On my entering the monastery, where I had previously lodged, the Superior hastened to inform me that the cholera having broken out at Beyrout, the last French steamer which would probably run for a considerable space of time, would touch at Jaffa on the morrow, and that I had therefore no time to lose, unless I wished to prolong indefinitely my absence from Constantinople. Therefore I devoted the afternoon to a hasty survey of what yet remained to be seen in Jerusalem, and early the next morning the commodious and elegant *carrozza* I have before described, deposited me within the gates of Jaffa. The French packet, *La Seyne*, had just cast anchor in the roadstead; it did not again put to sea until the following Monday, the 13th of August, so that I was able to spend three happy peaceful days within the walls of the Franciscan monastery. My pilgrimage was ended, having lasted sixteen days, of which six were spent in Galilee, and ten in Judæa.

It may interest the friendly reader, who has so far accompanied me in my wanderings, to learn that I did not, after all, return as I had anticipated to Constantinople, but that an unexpected order from my Superiors directed me to turn my steps to Poland. This first journey proved no less happy and prosperous than the former one had been, so that I was enabled to reach my new post in safety on the 14th of September. *Laus Deo semper!*

VICTOR BAUDOT, S.J.

## *Tiphaine la Fée.*

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### CHAPTER X.

IN a pleasant room in one of the quaint old houses of the city of Nantes that, formerly used as the town residences of the provincial nobility, were now appropriated to the service of the nation, was seated Richard de Coëtlogon. Before him were spread the title-deeds of the Coëtlogon estates, which he had just succeeded in obtaining. He was immersed in a profound study of their intricacies of detail, when some one knocked at the door.

"A young peasant girl demands to speak with you, citizen, and will take no denial."

Richard pushed back the papers with an impatient sigh. He had made it a rule always to be accessible to the lower orders, and he owed to this politic line of conduct much of the success of his career. But just then the interruption seemed to him singularly inopportune.

"Let her enter," he answered nevertheless, in a tone of resignation.

The man retreated, and presently returned, accompanied by a tall figure so closely muffled that its shape could only be guessed at. He retired, closing the door, but the girl remained standing there, in no hurry apparently to enter on the subject of her errand.

"Well, my good girl," said Richard at last, waxing impatient; "in what can I serve you?"

She threw back her shawl, and advanced into the middle of the room.

"Richard," fixing her clear eyes on his face, "what have you done with your brother?"

"Alice!" starting up. "You here! Good God! what madness is this?"

A mournful smile flitted across her face.

"Be easy," she said. "If your sister is not safe, there is no danger for the daughter of Hervik and Tiphaine."

"Then you know all? But how? when?" he stammered, incoherently.

"The night that Claude was taken—that you betrayed him."

He started and bit his lip.

"Who told you?"

"I saw you with my own eyes. I was hidden in the cave all the time. Richard, his life is in your hands."

His face hardened.

"Well?" he said coldly. "What would you have me do?"

"Save him!" she cried. And swiftly crossing the room, before he could prevent her, she had thrown herself at his feet. "O Richard! you will not let him die. Your own brother! See, I kneel at your feet. I implore you! by the memory of those childish days when you loved one another, when you played together in the same dear home."

Her shawl had fallen off; her beautiful hair, loosened by the movement, lay in heavy masses on her shoulders. Her face was flushed with emotion and eagerness, her eyes, shining through their tears, were raised imploringly to his face.

A sudden glow lit Richard's cheek. He bent forward.

"Alice," he said, "it depends on you. Say that you will be my wife, and Claude is free."

She started back in horror.

"Richard! you cannot dream of such a thing!"

"And why not?"

She covered her face with her hands, the deep crimson of shame and indignation mantling to the very roots of her hair. She could not have put into words what she felt, but the idea shocked and disgusted her beyond measure. Richard misinterpreted her emotion.

"Is it *him* that you love?" he cried, transported with jealousy.

Her hands fell; she gazed at him in amazement.

"Claude? He is my brother!"

But his mind was too coarse to feel the rebuke.

"Not more than I am," he answered moodily. And seizing her hands he gazed into her face with a long, keen, penetrating look. At last he released his hold, and turned away.

"I mistook you," he said briefly. His suspicion could not hold out against the fearless innocence of her eyes. "Well,

you know my conditions. If you wish to save Claude, you have only to comply with them."

"And you can bargain with me for your brother's life?" she cried, indignantly.

"Brother!" his lip curled sarcastically. "I do not understand these amiable weaknesses. He is an obstacle in my way, and thus would I crush him."

He took a small china cup from off the table; it shivered to fragments in his grasp of steel.

"As I crushed my uncle Yvon when he ventured to cross my path."

"As you would me," she exclaimed shuddering, "when this brief fancy is over."

His face changed. A sudden light flashed over it in the glow of which the whole expression altered, softened, melted into tenderness, till it seemed almost transfigured.

"Not you," he murmured in accents of dreamy fervour, his eyes fixed on her face. "Not you, my beautiful Alice. You are myself, my higher and better self. Only love me, and you shall do with me as you will."

Alice trembled and looked down, unable to meet his gaze. Was it indeed the cold, self-contained Richard who spoke in those trembling accents? She felt troubled, disturbed, yet half fascinated. What woman ever wholly dislikes the first voice that speaks to her of love?

Oh, Alice, beware! It is a dangerous moment. Your heart is yet free, and knows not the protection of another love, and he who woos you knows well how to employ both the insidiousness of the serpent, and the tenderness of the dove. Yet deeper than this lies the source of his power—in the fact that this is no feigning, but the mighty passion that comes but once in a lifetime. No wonder that you tremble, and your eyes seek the ground; no wonder that those glowing eyes fixed on your downcast face seem to draw you as with a mesmeric power, and you feel yourself gradually, surely surrendering to the spell. But no—she starts—her eyes have fallen on the ring—Claude's ring—that she wears on her finger still. The charm is broken, she lifts her eyes.

Richard felt the change at once. She had escaped him for that time. But he would conquer her yet. Yet it was a bitter disappointment; she had seemed so nearly won. But she was speaking; he roused himself to listen.

"Richard," she was pleading, "be generous. Do not ask this of me. Of what good is my hand without my heart? I do not love you as you wish. How could I? It is but yesterday," faltering a little, "that I thought you were my brother."

"No, Alice," he said with decision. "I hold to my word. Become my wife, and Claude is safe; refuse, and I abandon him to his fate."

She clasped her hands, and looked up to heaven with eyes full of pain and trouble. Her momentary weakness was over; she shrank with fear and repugnance from the prospect he held before her. Yet for the sake of those she loved so well—to whom she owed more than she could ever repay. It was only herself who would be sacrificed after all, and with the eager generosity of youth—that generosity that is so eager from its very ignorance of all that its act involves—she was ready to give up her whole life without stopping to count the cost.

Ah! after all, what is there like it, that impetuosity that we lose so soon with the experience of life? It is in youth that we are capable of great things. Look back through the history of ages; read the lives of hero and martyr, of warrior and saint, and when were most of those great achievements done before which the world stands mute in wondering admiration? When but in that magic season when all things seem possible to the ardent spirit; when no difficulty can daunt, no danger can affright, and no undertaking seems beyond our strength.

She drew a deep breath, and shut her lips close together. Then she held out her hand.

"For Claude's sake," she said steadily. "As you deal by him, I will deal by you."

A flash of triumph lit Richard's dark eye, but he restrained himself. There was no encouragement in Alice's face, pale and steadfast as some votary of old vowed to self-sacrifice. Silently he took her hand, and carried it to his lips.

Half an hour later she passed out into the street, holding in her hand, as she hoped, the means of Claude's liberation. And what pass had brought Alice to the feet of the man whose face she had prayed God she might never see again? To explain it, I must go back a little in my story. When on the previous day she had succeeded at length in convincing Madame

de Coëtlogon of the truth of the marvellous tale that fell on such unwilling ears, when she had wrung from her reluctant lips the permission to go forth and do her utmost for the rescue of the prisoner they both so dearly loved, her task was but just begun. At the appointed place she was met by her mother with the peasant's disguise. The tears came into Tiphaine's eyes as she saw her daughter for the first time in a dress that seemed to bring her down to her own level.

"Now at last I can believe that thou art my child!" she exclaimed, clasping her in her arms with a sort of passionate emotion.

And with a mixture of bitterness and relief, Alice recognized that there was no danger of her exciting suspicion.

"I look what I am," she thought. "A peasant girl and no more. Well, so much the better if it helps me to save Claude."

They reached Nantes on the following day, and without losing a moment Tiphaine set about obtaining information as to the best means of accomplishing their task. The result was discouraging; once out of the prison it was easy enough to help him. A boat would lie in wait for him on the river, and convey him at once to the sea-coast, from whence he could easily make his escape to England. But how to penetrate into the prison? A pass was absolutely necessary, and it was only to be obtained from a member of the revolutionary committee. Tiphaine ran over the list of their names; they were all strangers to her. Time was short: to-morrow, she had learnt, he was to be tried, and from the trial to the execution it was, as she knew, but one step.

And then in her desperation Alice resolved to appeal to Richard. Bad as he was, there was perhaps some corner of his heart not utterly hardened. At any rate, she would make the attempt. With what result we have seen.

Claude de Coëtlogon was alone in his prison cell. With unusual good fortune he had succeeded in obtaining one by himself. He was writing to his mother—his farewell and his last wishes. He was well aware that the trial of the morrow would be but an empty mockery of justice, and at the best what hope could there be for an officer of the Vendean army, caught in the very act of conspiring against the nation? He looked composed and calm enough; he had faced death too often in the battlefield to fear it now; besides, he was a noble,



and what noble could have condescended to give way before the *canaille*? Yet a pang shot through his heart as he thought what a blow this would be to his mother—his mother, who had had so many sorrows in her life. And Alice, poor little Alice, who had clung to him so passionately when they parted, declaring that it would kill her if anything happened to him. A troubled expression came into his face; he dropped his pen and leant back in his chair with a sigh. It was echoed behind him. He started up, and Alice, the very Alice he had been thinking of, stood in the doorway.

He stood gazing at her, hardly able to believe his eyes. Was it she indeed, or a vision? As he hesitated, she spoke.

"It is I, Claude. I have come to set you free."

She closed the door; then coming to his side she produced a bundle from under her shawl. Undoing it rapidly, she brought out a skirt, similar to the one she wore, but longer and fuller.

"Put it on, Claude, as quickly as you can. And take my shawl. Here is a pass which will enable you to leave the prison unquestioned. You are taller than I am, but that will not be noticed, I am already so much taller than most women. Pull the shawl well over your face as you go out."

Amazement had kept Claude silent till now, but as she tried to force the dress into his hand he started back, and indignantly pushed it away.

"Alice, what are you dreaming of? Do you really think I am going to let you take my place?"

"I am quite safe," she answered calmly. "Richard has promised to come for me in an hour's time."

"Richard! Do you think I will trust him? Why, it is thanks to him I am here."

"I know it," and her lip trembled. "But, Claude, I am not you, and I repeat it, I am perfectly safe."

Without answering, Claude threw himself into a chair, and crossed his arms with an expression of determination.

"Claude!" cried Alice, aghast, "what do you mean? Have I risked so much for nothing? Will you really refuse the safety I bring you?"

"I am not such a coward as to leave my sister in the prison I escape from," he answered doggedly.

"Your sister! Ah!"

An expression of intense pain crossed her face.

"I had hoped to be spared this, but there is no help for it. Claude, you need have no scruples on that score. I am not your sister."

"Alice, my dear child, are you mad?"

"Sometimes I wish I were," she answered with a sigh.

"No, Claude, it is only too true. Listen."

And in a few brief words that yet carried conviction to the hearer's mind, she recounted to him the story she had told his mother. He listened in speechless astonishment. As she finished he sprang to his feet.

"But, Alice, even if this wild tale be true, do you think it can make any difference between you and me? Is the affection of a lifetime nothing?"

"Oh, Claude, my darling!" she cried, with a sudden passion, her eyes filling with tears, "it is everything to me. It is in the name of that affection that I implore you to let me save you now."

She knelt at his feet, but he raised her hastily and clasped her in his arms. It was the first thing that had brought any comfort to Alice's wounded spirit. That warm, tender embrace seemed to assure her that after all everything was not over between her and those she loved so well.

"And you, Alice?" he said, after a pause.

"I have told you. Richard will take care of me."

"Richard! Does he know of this?"

"Yes."

"Then what claim have you on him?"

For the first time a shade of embarrassment tinged her manner.

She looked down.

"I have promised to be his wife."

"Alice!" seizing her hands and looking into her face. "My poor child, what could prompt you to sacrifice yourself thus? For you do not care for him?"

"Care for him!"

A flush of transient indignation mantled in her cheek; it soon faded away.

"Oh, Claude!" she said, gently, laying her hand on his arm, "can you not guess? It was to save your life."

"My life!"

He covered his face with his hands, moved beyond expression. After a moment he looked up.

"You should not, Alice," he said in a husky voice. "My life was not worth such a price."

"Hush!" she uttered imperatively, laying her finger on his lips. "I am the best judge of that. And now, Claude, you will not refuse me, will you? Do not be afraid for me. Strange as it may appear to you," a wintry smile flitting across her face, "Richard loves me."

"I do not wonder," said Claude, earnestly. "But to think that such a treasure should fall to a scoundrel like that!" He broke off and turned away.

She followed him.

"At least, Claude," looking up wistfully into his face, "we shall still be brother and sister."

"My poor child!" he answered mournfully. "Have you really found any comfort in that? You are digging a gulf between us in this marriage with my bitterest enemy."

She was silent. An inward conviction told her that he was right even while she fought against the knowledge. Then with a sudden remembrance she drew his ring from her finger.

"I had forgotten. Claude, here is your ring."

"No, keep it, Alice. The day may come when you may need a brother's help. I have no great faith in your prospect of happiness. When it does, send me back the ring and I shall know what it means."

Alice started. She fancied she had heard a footstep outside.

"Hark!" she exclaimed, turning deadly pale. "What is that? O, my God! if we should be too late already!"

With hasty, trembling fingers she helped him to assume the disguise she had brought, and pulled the shawl down, so that his face was entirely hidden.

"The jailer lent me his key. You must return it to him. But hold up your handkerchief to your face, so, and he will think you are too much overcome for speech. You will find a man waiting for you outside. He will ask you the pass-word; it is your motto, *Un Cœur Loyal*. No, no," impatiently, as he would have stooped to kiss her. "We can remember one another without that. For Heaven's sake, go! This is killing me!"

She pushed him to the door. A heavy tread approached; a gruff voice called out: *Allons, citoyenne*. Claude was ready; he passed out, following Alice's directions. Their steps retreated along the corridor, and she was left alone.

So far all was well. With a great sigh of relief Alice sank into the chair. Putting her two arms on the table she laid her head on them and closed her eyes. A sort of torpor seemed to come over her; her work was done, and her mind, wearied out with the constant strain of the last two days, refused to look forward to what still lay before her. Exhausted nature re-asserted itself, and Alice slept.

How long that sleep lasted she did not know, but gradually confused sounds began to mingle with her dreams. She heard doors opening and shutting, the scuffling of feet; voices reached her from the street below, and far in the distance a deep, sullen roar, like the sound of the sea at Coëtlogon. She opened her eyes; a red glare shone in through the barred window, making the little cell as bright as day. The door opened, and her mother stood beside her.

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#### CHAPTER XI.

"HASTEN, Alice," she cried. The people are rising. They are coming to attack the prisons as they have done in Paris. Quick, there is no time to be lost."

"But Richard is coming for me," said Alice, hanging back, and only half comprehending.

"He will arrive too late. Come."

Together they hurried down the corridor and reached the porter's lodge.

"Comment?" growled that functionary. "How is this? Only one goes in and two come out? But go along with you," relenting. "There will be bloody work here presently, and you may as well be out of it."

As he spoke they heard the tramp of the approaching multitude. They hastened their steps and had just time to take refuge under an open *porte cochère* when the mob turned the corner of the street. A terrible sight, truly; men, women, and children swept along as if by an irresistible current, their wild faces lit up by the glare of the torches borne aloft by brawny and alas! too often blood-stained arms. Suddenly they paused. And then arose from a thousand throats the notes of the *Marseillaise*!

It was a spectacle never to be forgotten, and the two women, crouching beneath their friendly shelter, were both in their

different ways moved by it to the very depths of their being. To poor Alice, who had but just escaped their clutches, whose brother, as she shudderingly reflected, might but for her have fallen a victim to their brutal fury, it was a scene of unmixed horror, which the wild beauty of the music tended only to enhance. But Tiphaine, herself one of the people, a sharer and spectator of their wrongs, was caught by the infection of that fierce enthusiasm. Yes, she felt, even through a sea of blood, let them wade, if only thus could be reached the glorious land of liberty beyond!

They ceased: a momentary hush ensued, and in the silence Alice heard the sound of horses' hoofs approaching at a gallop. The next moment a small cavalcade dashed down the street. It was Richard! He had come to seek her. Spurring his horse to the front of the crowd, he began haranguing the people. The mob swayed backwards and forwards as the silvery, persuasive accents rose and fell. They wavered, they were almost won, when suddenly a voice called out from the midst of the crowd:

"He is only an aristocrat himself. Let him die!"

A shot was fired, and he fell from his horse, bathed in blood. The frightened animal reared and plunged, then started off, scattering the crowd to right and left, and Richard was left alone. In another moment that end of the street was deserted.

The mob had swept on to the prison. They had too much work on hand to be stayed by one man.

"Come, my child," whispered Tiphaine. "The way is clear."

But Alice was no longer by her side. She was kneeling in the middle of the street by Richard's prostrate body, striving ineffectually to stanch the blood that poured from his wound. Her tears fell fast on his upturned face. He opened his eyes: a smile parted his lips.

"Alice?" he uttered faintly. "This is better than I hoped. You will stay with me till I die? The end is not far off."

"Oh, hush!" she cried pitifully. "Of course I will stay. But do not think of me. Think of Him before whom you must so soon appear. O Richard! think of your soul."

"My soul?" he said dreamily, with a faint curiosity. "Have I got such a thing? Who can say? Well, I shall know, I suppose, in a few minutes."

O my God! how much have they to answer for, those so-called philosophers who, sapping the very foundations of

faith and morality, sowed the seed that was hereafter to bring forth such terrible fruit. Richard spoke but as spoke and felt nine-tenths of his contemporaries. That old French *noblesse* that walked to the scaffold with such dignity and courage were too often inspired, not by the fortitude of the Christian martyr, but the stoicism of the heathen.

But to Alice, brought up in the retirement of the old Breton château, the doctrine was as new as it was terrible. She clasped her hands in despair. How in the few short moments of life that yet remained to him was she, an ignorant girl, to bring the light of faith to that darkened soul? And yet could she let him perish, her brother, the companion of her childhood, without an effort to save him? Had she risked so much for the life of the one, and would she do nothing to rescue the other from what was so infinitely worse than death? She looked up to heaven; her lips moved, but no words issued from them. And then a sort of Heaven-sent light broke over her face; like an answer to her prayer came the words of the Lord: "With men this is impossible, but with God all things are possible." She took his hand, and while, his eyes fixed on her beautiful face, he drank in the accents of the woman he loved, she reminded him in simple, touching words of the faith of their childhood, of the lessons learnt at their mother's knee. And as she spoke, not with the learning of the schools, but with that heavenly-taught wisdom that is granted to the pure of heart, the truth gradually penetrated to those dying ears, the faith that argument cannot teach, that reason cannot bestow, the gift of the grace of God. The earthly love, the purest and noblest feeling of his heart, had led him to the foot of the Heavenly Throne, and like a little child he believed.

All was over. Alice rose from her knees. She had gone down to the very gates of the grave; as far as mortal could go she had accompanied the trembling soul on that awful journey that each one must take alone. The breath of the Angel of Death had fanned her cheek; his icy touch had chilled her blood as she touched with her lips at his last request the brow of the dying man. No wonder that high and solemn thoughts absorbed her mind; no wonder that as she turned to her mother an involuntary feeling of awe came over the latter at the sight of her daughter's face. Pale and weary it was indeed, but it bore the look of one exalted above the consciousness of earthly things, and to whom has been vouchsafed the light of a great revelation.



In silence they made their way through the streets, and reached the gates of the city. They were locked and the guardian sleeping, but Tiphaine roused him with some difficulty, and mentioning the pass-word, they were allowed to go through. Soon they were out in the open country, the stars shining overhead, and the straight, solitary road stretching on for miles before them. Tiphaine slackened her pace.

"My child," she said, looking anxiously at Alice's face, which looked whiter than ever in the starlight, "art thou not very weary?"

"I don't know, mother," returned the girl, rousing from her abstraction. "I do not feel it yet, but I suppose I must be."

"I would we could find some shelter. A barn would be but rough quarters for thee, my darling, yet I fear it is the best we can hope for at this time of night."

"What is good enough for you is good enough for me. Am I not your child? And, oh, mother!" with a sudden burst of emotion, "how shall I ever thank you for all you have done to-night?"

The poor mother's heart was stirred to its depths by this unexpected demonstration. She took Alice's hand and held it for a moment without speaking.

"Only love me, my daughter," she said at last, huskily. "It is all I ask."

"I will—I do," cried Alice, fervently. And with an impulsive movement she carried Tiphaine's hand to her lips.

At last, as their legs well-nigh refused to carry them any further, they came in sight of a little farm-yard. The gates were locked; every one was asleep, and a perfect stillness reigned around. They wandered round in hopes of finding an entrance somewhere, and at last came upon a little outhouse, meant apparently for the cattle in winter, but within which some kind hand had shaken down a little fresh straw, for the benefit of some passing beggar. For the beggar is a privileged guest in Brittany; a supper and a night's rest is his for the asking, and the pious, simple-minded people in their ungrudging charity believe that often thus they entertain an angel unawares, and bring a blessing down upon their humble roof.

It was better than Tiphaine had ventured to hope for, and they were too weary to be particular. They entered and lay down with thoughtful hearts.

As Alice loosened her dress a roll of papers fell to the ground

beside her. She picked them up; they were the Coëtlogon title-deeds. Richard had given them to her before he died, bidding her deliver them to Claude and beg his forgiveness for all the wrong he had done and meant to do him. She had thrust them into her bosom without looking at them, and forgotten them till this moment. Now as her eyes fell upon the crumpled sheets, stained with the life-blood from his wound, she could not refrain from tears.

"O my God!" she murmured. "Restitution means repentance. He has done all he could. Surely Thou hast forgiven him."

Thus with a prayer on her lips she fell asleep—slept till the sun was high in the heavens, and all the farm-yard was astir with the sounds of busy life. Then she awoke to find her mother standing beside her with a bowl of milk and a piece of brown country bread, that brought to her mind with an instant flash of recollection, that night she had spent in the cottage years ago.

"O mother!" she exclaimed reproachfully, springing up, "you should not. It is for me to wait on you."

"Thou wert so tired," Tiphaine replied. "And oh! my daughter, you know not how it gladdens my heart to do it for you. I feel then that it is no dream, that I really have found my child again."

The frugal meal and the night's rest had made Alice quite herself again, and when, her simple toilet over, she stepped out of the hut, her mother was struck by her beautiful bloom. Tiphaine herself looked pale and worn. A strange, sharp pain, felt for the first time years ago, but which had recurred at intervals since, had shot through her heart more than once that morning, causing her to stagger, and put her hand to her side. But she would not listen to any gloomy forebodings; she had regained her child, and was not everything therefore sure to go well?

"And where shall we go, Alice?" she asked.

"To Coëtlogon, mother, if you would not mind," said the girl pleadingly. "To tell them all that has happened, and that Claude is safe."

The mother's face fell. She had hoped to have Alice all to herself for awhile, and it hurt her to be reminded of these rivals in her daughter's heart. But how could she refuse to grant the natural request?

So they set out. Their way lay at first through a fertile country rich in vineyards and luxuriant pastures. The autumn sunshine sparkled on the trees and hedges; the air, brisk and exhilarating, quickened the pulses of their blood, and made walking a positive pleasure. But gradually as they drew nearer the sea the character of the scenery changed. Salt marshes began to appear, interspersed with sandy wastes. The air grew chilly and charged with moisture; a grey, filmy veil gathered over the sky. Tiphaine shivered; a cold, numbed feeling had gradually been creeping over her, and her face looked pinched and gray.

"Look, mother," said Alice suddenly. A solid white wall of mist was advancing towards them. Almost as she spoke it was upon them and had wrapped them in its clammy folds. Right through their thick stuff dresses sank the penetrating moisture, taking the wave out of their hair, and chilling the very marrow of their bones. They struggled on, though their blinded eyes could not see a yard before them, but it seemed death to remain still in that icy atmosphere. Then suddenly Tiphaine sank to the ground. Her lips turned blue with agony, her limbs refused to support her.

"O Alice!" she groaned. "I can go no further. Leave me and save thyself."

"Mother! As if I could! What is it? Are you ill?"

She could not answer. Pain after pain shot through her tortured heart; agonizing, stabbing pain that wrung cries for mercy from the brave lips. A little more and it seemed as if life itself must leave her, when suddenly as it had begun, the paroxysm passed away and left her panting and exhausted in her daughter's arms.

"Are you better?" asked Alice, anxiously holding her close, and striving to warm the poor, chilled limbs. "Dear, dear mother, what was it?"

"I know not, my darling. I thought it was death. Ah, God! how could I endure such agony and live!"

The mist was clearing away; faintly here and there they could discern the shapes of the nearest objects. Then suddenly just before them it lifted, and tall, ghostly, threatening, the menhir loomed before their eyes. Tiphaine turned white.

"Alice," she whispered, "it is the hand of fate. I have been led here to die."

In vain Alice strove to shake her from the superstitious fear;

in vain supporting her trembling steps, she led her into the cottage, gathered together a few sticks to make a fire, and wrapped her in some dry garments she found in a chest, tried to persuade her she would soon be well again. The impression had gone too deep; nothing could move her from the idea that she had been led to end her days beneath the shadow of the awful monument, that had been so closely interwoven with her fate.

"It was for this," she murmured, her eyes wandering round the little hut, "it was for this that I was moved to raise it from its ruins, that its roof might shelter me in the last moments of my life."

Gradually as the fire warmed her frozen limbs, her face resumed its natural colour. Alice moved about, busied in little house-wifely duties. Her mother's eyes followed her with tender, admiring love. She leant back in her chair with the feeling of restful relief that follows the cessation of violent pain; the gloomy presentiment lingered still, but it was banished into the background in the bliss of the present moment. This was what she had dreamt of for years, yet the reality seemed to surpass her fondest anticipations. God had been very good to her after all.

After a little while Alice came and knelt by her side. She had prepared the bed for her mother to rest on; she had brought out from a little basket the provisions they had carried with them on the road, and set a flask of wine to warm by the fire.

"You are better now, dearest mother?"

"Ay, my darling," tenderly smoothing the bright hair. "Better, thanks to thee. God bless thee and reward thee!"

Alice drew the hand down and kissed it. The last two days, and all they had done and suffered together had drawn them strangely near to one another. And now compassion and the tender, protecting instinct that lies dormant in every true woman's breast, came to deepen the kindly feeling that had been gradually growing in Alice's mind.

"Now you must have something to eat," said the girl presently, rousing herself. "And then you will go to sleep and wake up to-morrow quite well."

Tiphaine did not contradict the fond prediction. It was very sweet to her to be waited on and cared for by her daughter. But in her heart she felt a conviction that her days,

if not her hours, were numbered. If only she could die without a recurrence of that horrible pain !

So she obeyed her, ate the little meal prepared by those loving hands, and lay down to rest with a murmured blessing on her head. Alice established herself in a chair, intending to watch through the night. A profound silence fell upon the cottage, broken only by the uneven breathing of the sleeping woman. Once or twice Alice moved to replenish the fire, but gradually as the night wore on a drowsy feeling crept over her. Her head bent lower, lower—when suddenly with a terrified start she sat up and looked wildly round her. What was it ? She could not have told, but all her pulses were throbbing with fear. Then in the dead stillness of the night arose a sound the like of which Alice had never heard before. It was like the wail of a soul in agony, of a spirit in mortal pain. Slowly it rose and fell, now rising to a shriek of misery, now sinking to a heart-broken moan. And Alice stood listening, her hands clasped, her blood running cold in her veins.

Gradually it died away into silence. Alice sank back into her chair, trembling in every limb. It was no earthly sound, she felt instinctively ; it meant death. At last she raised her head and her eyes fell on the candle that lighted her solitary watch. Was there to be no end to the horrors of that night ? The wax, dropping from the draught of the door, had curled over and formed a winding-sheet, pointing straight towards the bed on which her mother lay. At any other time the girl would have despised the foolish superstition, but now, her nerves unstrung by that terrible sound, it seemed like the confirmation of her fears. Snatching up the light she hurried to her mother's side. The sight of the sleeping face reassured her. It was pale and drawn indeed, but her bosom rose and fell as calmly as an infant's, and a look of peace and contentment softened her features. As her daughter bent over her she stirred in her sleep ; a smile parted her lips, and she murmured, " Alice ! " in a tone of such tender love that a tear sprang to the listener's eye. Alice set her candle down with a sigh of relief, and presently, the drowsiness creeping over her again, she too fell asleep.

Morning dawned, and Alice opened her eyes. Her limbs felt weary and constrained with the uneasy posture in which she had gone to sleep. She got up cautiously and stepped over to the bedside. What was it that made her start back with a

vague, horrible fear at her heart? The smile yet lingered on Tiphaine's lips, her face was still—ay, still as death! In the night the messenger had come, and the poor heart that had loved and suffered so much was at rest for ever.

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## CHAPTER XII.

ALICE was alone in the little cottage. Seated beside the fire, her head resting on her hand, her whole attitude expressed the deepest dejection. The day before she had followed her mother's body to its last resting-place; she had rendered a daughter's last duty to the woman who had loved her so well, and now it seemed as if there were nothing more left for her to do. No message had reached her from the castle; her very existence seemed forgotten by those for whom she had done so much. Weary, disheartened with the life in which, young as she was, all seemed to have turned for her to dust and ashes, she bowed her head down and wept.

The door opened noiselessly; a woman with a pleasant, kindly countenance looked in. At the sight of the young girl her face softened with sympathetic sorrow; gently closing the door, she approached and knelt down beside her.

"Ah, mademoiselle," she said, the tears coming into her own eyes, "dear mademoiselle, do not weep."

Alice looked up. It was Suzon, her nurse first, afterwards her maid, but always, ever since her first arrival at the château, her attached and faithful attendant.

"Is it you, Suzon?" she said, with a revulsion of feeling. Already that kind face made the world seem less lonely. "But you forget," with returning bitterness, "I am not mademoiselle. I have no right. I never had any."

The woman stroked her hand gently without speaking. Perhaps the mute sympathy was more grateful to Alice just then than words. Presently Suzon spoke again.

"Madame la Marquise has been ill—very ill. And she does nothing but ask for Mademoiselle Alice."

"My mother ill!" cried Alice, starting up. "O, Suzon! why did you not tell me? Let me go to her at once."

The habit of years re-asserted itself; there might be kindness, pity, gratitude, for the poor woman who lay dead; but the love of her heart was for her who had made the name of



mother the sweetest and dearest sound that ever struck a daughter's ear.

Up in her chamber at the château, on a bed of sickness, lay Madame de Coëtlogon, her eyes closed, and tears, born of weakness and sorrow, stealing slowly down her cheek, when a soft, warm hand was laid on hers, and a tremulous voice whispered :

"Mother! dear mother! I have come back."

She opened her eyes, and Alice, pale, worn, her beauty dimmed by care and watching, but still her own Alice, met her gaze. With a feeble cry of joy she opened her arms.

"My darling! my baby! oh, I have missed you so!"

And they were clasped to one another's heart.

From that day Alice took her old place in the house. The past might have been a dream, so completely had they gone back to the habits of the former days when the mother and daughter lived undisturbed their tranquil, retired life in the château. Yet now and then the sight of their black dresses, the young girl's pale cheeks and sunken eyes would remind them with a shock of pain that no dream but a terrible reality lay between them and those calm old days, and that the peace they enjoyed was the after-fruit of a storm in which their life's happiness had nearly been wrecked for ever.

Time went on; the loyalist cause, in spite of the heroic efforts of Henri de La Rochejaquelein and his gallant cousin, was finally lost in La Vendée. The Chouans still kept up a desultory warfare on the borders of Brittany and Maine, but it was chiefly confined to the peasants, and was stained by savage reprisals that would have revolted the companions of de Lescure and Cathelineau. France was settling down after her fevered dream. The people were weary of bloodshed; Robespierre and his infamous associates had paid the penalty of their crimes on the scaffold, to which they had sent so many innocent victims, and among the crowd of lesser names involved in his fall was the father whom Alice had never known, and could not pretend to regret.

People were beginning to breathe again. As the flowers lift up their heads when the storm is over, and the birds break out into song, so all over the country there came the awakening of a new life. The old occupations were resumed; familiar faces re-appeared; the curés, those that remained of the number thinned by persecution, ventured back to their flocks. And at

last one day the news reached the château that Claude was coming home.

Not as he had come last time, like a thief in the night, a hunted fugitive creeping in under cover of the darkness, but in the light of day, in the sight of all, the Marquis de Coëtlogon rode up to the home of his forefathers. The great gates were thrown open at his approach; the servants in gala attire lined the steps. He dismounted, baring his head in acknowledgment of the greetings, familiar yet respectful, that reached him on every side. At the top of the steps his mother waited to receive him, tears of joy filling her eyes. But where was Alice?

Thrown on the bed in her own room, whither she had fled at the news of his approach, her face buried in her hands, and sobbing as if her heart would break. Was this the Alice to whom the tidings of her cherished brother's return had been such happiness that she had hardly been able to sleep for joy since the news came? It was true, and yet when she was told that he was actually there, such a rush of painful memories came over her that it was impossible to meet him. Ah, could she forget when she had last beheld him! Could she ever cease to shudder at the recollection of that terrible night which had left such an indelible impression on her mind! The fountain of her tears was unsealed, and seemed as if it would never cease. His presence brought it all back, the horror, the fear, the agony of grief she had gradually been living down. It seemed but as yesterday.

The door opened gently; she had forgotten to bolt it. She started up, and Claude stood on the threshold—the same, yet not the same. This bronzed, bearded man, with his handsome, resolute face and stalwart frame, could he be the fair-haired youth she had parted from in the prison two years ago? He seemed almost like a stranger; an overpowering fit of shyness came over her, and she turned away, hastily wiping her eyes. She felt ashamed of being caught in such a state.

No such embarrassment troubled Claude. He saw before him the girl who had saved his life at the peril of her own, and whom he had never ceased to think of since with the utmost tenderness and gratitude. Closing the door, he came up and took her hand.

"Alice," he said, reproachfully. "Dear Alice, this was not kind. What have I done that you should shun the sight of me?"

She looked down in confusion. Her conduct did indeed seem unkind and ungracious, yet she offered no excuse. She seemed tongue-tied.

"There has not been a day," continued Claude, "in which I have not thought of you and wished to see you again. The thought of your welcoming face was in my mind all to-day. And now—I can hardly believe that you are the same Alice."

His tone of reproach went to her heart; she raised her eyes.

"Claude," she said, hurriedly, "forgive me. I *am* glad to see you—more glad than I can say. Ask mamma. But—it brings back so much. Ah! I cannot help it. Forgive me. I shall get used to it. But just at first——"

She broke off, striving to restrain her tears.

"My poor Alice! I ought to have remembered," folding her in his arms and kissing her forehead. "You are not angry with your stupid brother?"

She had submitted to his embrace; it would have been too absurd, she thought, to make any objection. But her whole face had grown rosy red, and Richard's words kept ringing in her ears: "No more your brother than I am."

Yet when he left the room she could have cried with disappointment. Was this what she had so looked forward to? What must Claude think of her?

It was better that evening. Seated at Madame de Coëtlogon's feet, in her old familiar attitude, while Claude related his adventures, she could realize the happiness of their being all together again. And studying his face unobserved, she recognized that it was less changed than she had thought at first. Once or twice he had turned to her as of old with a certainty of being understood, and her eyes had flashed back the sympathy that always existed between them. It was only when they were alone together that that stupid constraint came over her.

Gradually the embarrassment of her manner communicated itself to Claude. He had met her at first as the beloved sister, the dearest companion of his boyhood. But little by little he began to grow sensible that a barrier had established itself between them. This was not the same Alice, this grave, shy young girl, whose face flushed crimson at his brotherly salute, whose eyes grew troubled when they met his own. He felt puzzled, provoked, yet strangely interested. What was the meaning of it? Was it liking or dislike? He could not decide. Sometimes he wondered if she had cared for Richard after all.

Her eyes had a dreamy, far-away look at times, whose meaning he could not penetrate.

Meanwhile he was taking to watching her with an intentness of which he was not at all aware. It was a new and engrossing study, and one which mankind has at all times found it hard to fathom—the study of a woman's heart. They seemed outwardly to be slipping more and more apart; the demonstrations of the old brotherly and sisterly affection were growing each day more rare. Yet now and then a sort of electric thrill would pass between their hearts as their eyes met.

The first thing that awoke Alice to a consciousness of the meaning of the uneasy feeling that had been growing upon her lately, was an enforced absence of Claude's for two or three days on some business connected with the estate. Never had her time hung so heavily on her hands. Little as she had sought his company, the knowledge that he was in the house, the sound of his voice singing on the stairs, or whistling to his dogs, had made all the difference. She had got into the habit unconsciously of listening for his step; she knew without looking up when he entered the room. But it was not till he went away that she discovered with a shock of surprise and dismay, the nature of the feeling that possessed her, that she suddenly awoke to the fact that he had grown to be the centre of her thoughts, and that without him life seemed flat, empty, and utterly unprofitable. Then began a struggle between pride and self-respect on the one side, and the love that in a nature like Alice's would be no evanescent sentiment. It did not last long. By the time Claude returned she had conquered and her resolution was taken.

It was a beautiful summer's night. They had dined with the windows open looking out on the terrace, and after dinner Alice had wandered out, and stood leaning against the wall at the further end overlooking the sea. The moon shone over the water in a broadening sheet of silver. It was just such a night as that on which Claude was taken, and Alice's thoughts went back to it, contrasting with a throb of pain her present position towards him with the security of rightful affection that had seemed hers then.

A footstep sounded on the gravel behind her, and Claude came up to her side.

"Dreaming, Alice?" he said, leaning his arm on the wall. "A penny for your thoughts."

She smiled faintly, but did not answer. They were not such as would bear telling—least of all to him.

"I wanted to speak to you, Claude," she said presently with an effort.

Struck by something in her tone, he turned round and looked at her earnestly. She was not looking at him; her eyes were fixed on the sea, and she seemed to be trying to nerve herself for something that required all her resolution.

"Well, Alice, what is it?" he said kindly. "I am not such a very awful person, surely."

"I must leave you," she uttered abruptly. "I cannot bear this any longer. We are trying to pretend that everything is unchanged, and all the time we know that it can never be the same again. Try as I may I cannot cheat myself. It is an empty mockery. Claude, we must part."

"And you can say this so calmly, Alice?" exclaimed Claude, reproachfully.

"Calmly!" raising her beautiful eyes, swimming with tears, to his face. "I think it will break my heart. But I cannot help it. *C'est plus fort que moi!*"

"Then stay, Alice darling. Stay, not as my sister, but as my wife."

And drawing her to him, he bent and kissed her lips.

Alice did not resist. Why should she? Ever since she could remember she had always loved Claude better than any one else. What more natural, more happy, than that she should belong to him for life? She rested her head on his shoulder, in the place that was henceforward hers by right, with a sense of security and peace to which her soul had been long a stranger.

Thus let us leave them. After long tossing outside they have reached the happy haven, and their way lies clear and bright before them. Troubles may arise, but they will not part the two hearts that have been tried in the fire of adversity, and that are united, not merely by this new love, but by the indissoluble links of a common past.

## Reviews.

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### I.—COMMENTARIES ON THE BOOKS OF JUDGES AND RUTH.<sup>1</sup>

WE cordially welcome a second contribution from the pen of Father de Hummelauer to the *Cursus Scripturæ Sacræ*, which the German Fathers of the Society of Jesus are engaged in bringing out. His volume on the Books of Judges and of Ruth in no way falls below the high level of its predecessors in the series.

Considering the readiness which English writers have shown to take the dogmatic assertions of Wellhausen at their author's own valuation, we should have been glad, had space allowed us, to dwell at some length on the contrast between the reckless procedure of the German rationalist and the sober exegesis of Father de Hummelauer. As it is, we must be content to give expression to our regret that the learned Jesuit has not seen fit here and there, to mete out a somewhat sterner form of justice to so mischievous a writer. To give only a single instance of what we mean, if it was worth while to quote from Wellhausen the long passage given on p. 295, it was worth while to discuss the assumptions which it contains. To give Wellhausen's objections against the truth of the narrative, which occupies the concluding chapters of the Book of Judges, as embodying a sufficient argument for the credibility of this very same narrative (and Father de Hummelauer supplies no other argument), is to show, perhaps, not too low an appreciation of the value of the German critic's strictures in the text; but is it not, also, to trust rather too much to the sagacity of the reader? When the second edition of this volume is called for, we hope that Father de Hummelauer will rewrite a portion of his introduction to that section of the Book of Judges which he appropriately entitles, *Israel sine rege*.

<sup>1</sup> *Commentarius in Libros Judicum et Ruth.* Auctore Francisco de Hummelauer, S.J. Paris: Lethielleux.



Father de Hummelauer dissents on several points from his collaborator Father Cornely, whose *Introductio in U. T. Libros Sacros* occupies the first four volumes of the series. Both writers, of course, deal with the chronology of the Book of Judges. Both have perceived that some of the events there recorded must be regarded as synchronous and not successive. But Father de Hummelauer goes much further in this direction than Father Cornely. He reduces the whole period covered by the book to something less than two hundred and fifty years. Father Cornely would allow some three hundred. In order to bring these numbers into harmony with the statement in 3 Kings vi. 1, Father de Hummelauer is obliged to allow a much longer interval between the end of the Wandering and the commencement of Othoniel's judgeship than Father Cornely (following Hülskamp) assigns. At the same time he insists that the uncertain element in the problem lies in the chronological relation of Judges to Josue, rather than within the limits of the Book of Judges itself. Presumably Father de Hummelauer would agree with Father Cornely that the received text of Acts xiii. 20 needs to be corrected into conformity with the three oldest extant MSS., the Alexandrine, the Vatican, and the Sinaitic.

In his commentary on the story of Jephthah, Father de Hummelauer defends, and we think rightly, the traditional and "obvious" interpretation, according to which the daughter of that deliverer of his people was really sacrificed, and not merely consecrated to God by a vow of virginity. As he well points out, the notion of such a consecration has arisen, not out of the exigences of the text, which is plain, but either out of a post-humous pity for the innocent girl, or from a desire to reconcile the passage with the prohibition against the offering of human sacrifices to God in Deut. xii. 31. But in fact the expressions used in the narrative are too unmistakeable in their plain meaning to be escaped from. The word *olah* invariably means a whole-burnt offering, and is never used metaphorically. We see no sufficient grounds even for Father de Hummelauer's concession that, in two instances out of two hundred,<sup>1</sup> the word is used in a more general, though even there, by no means in a metaphorical sense. The phrase "whatsoever" (or whosoever) "cometh forth of the door of my house to meet me" can refer only to a human person: no such expression would be used of

<sup>1</sup> Gen. viii. 20; Isaiah lxi. 8.

an animal, and so the pronoun is determined to a masculine sense (*quicumque* in the Vulgate). Moreover, the lamentations of which we read, both on the part of Jephthah's daughter herself and on the part of the Hebrew maidens in after time, are out of all proportion to the occasion, if the latter were no more than the consecration of the girl to a state of honourable virginity. Father de Hummelauer is probably right in pleading ignorance of the prohibition in Deut. xii. in excuse for Jephthah, and in accounting for the origin of the notion of offering a human sacrifice to Jehovah by referring it to the debasing influence of contact with races in which human sacrifices were usual. Jephthah's familiarity with certain historical portions of the Pentateuch by no means necessarily implies that he, an uncultured soldier, was conversant with all the legal enactments of the Books of Moses.

Rightly too, we think, Father de Hummelauer exonerates Gedeon from all blame except that of some imprudence in connection with the costly ephod which he caused to be made, and which became the occasion of idolatry to his people and of ruin to his house.

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## 2.—THE PAPAL JUBILEE.<sup>1</sup>

On the occasion of the Papal Jubilee a poet of Perugia, Geremia Brunelli, has written a series of ten Sonnets, descriptive of the ten medals which the Holy Father has caused to be struck year by year since his elevation to the Pontificate—adding an eleventh Sonnet to commemorate the scene which ought to be represented in the medal of the future. These ten Sonnets have been translated from the Italian by various learned men, friends of the poet, into Latin, French, Spanish, German, and English. To these has been appended a sketch of the literary life of Leo the Thirteenth, and the whole is magnificently printed, with fac-similes of the various medals (a blank being left for the medal of the future), by the Society of St. John at Tournai, whose work the author of the Italian Sonnets rightly calls a *chef d'œuvre* of the typographic art. We applaud the loyal and pious design which must have cost its originator no little time, labour, and expense. It seems to have been motived

<sup>1</sup> *Il Medagliere di Leone XIII.* Versa di Geremia Brunelli. Conversioni poetiche Latina, Francese, Spagnola, Tedesca, Inglese. Roma: Società San Giovanni, Tournai.

by the constant kindness shown to M. Brunelli by His Holiness, whom he calls his guide and his support in the study of letters (*mi è stato guida e conforti agli ottimi studi*), and who had presented to him the medals which he illustrates in his verses. We do not presume to criticize the Italian version, and must content ourselves with saying that they appear to us extremely elegant, worthy of being addressed to him who, among his other countless gifts, has received no small share of the gift of sweet poesy. For as the author says in his opening Sonnet introductory to those commemorative of the various medals—

But thou in song delightest, and thine ear  
E'er loved the cadence of my verse, and me  
Thy comfort ever filled, unstinted, dear.  
Thro' thee I grew and poet am : then be  
Not scorned these gifts thy care first made appear,  
For what I can—and all—I give to thee.

Ma Tu di carmi ti diletta, e caro  
Sempre ti giunse del mio verso, il suono  
E di conforti, non mi fosti avaro,  
Per ti crebbi e per te poeta io sono ;  
Ciò che mi desti non ti sia discaro  
“ Chè quanti io posso dar tutto ti dono.”

Of course we cannot expect the translations of Brunelli's soft Italian verses to be always equal to the original. Perhaps it is a little invidious to criticize, but some of the Latin lines do not run very smoothly, *e.g.* the couplet—

Luce hac læta Christiadam gens lætior ipsa  
Norit cui Jesus pascere mandat oves

takes rather a considerable liberty of versification, as also does the lengthening of the second syllable of Vaticanum. On the other hand, the following lines are both elegant in themselves and a close version of the original :

Multigenis studio visendi ipsa ora Leonis,  
Templa fremunt populis, atria longa fremunt.  
Non panem, non prava petunt : sed poplite flexo  
Divinas dextræ fausta precantis opes.

D'immensa onda di popolo mareggia  
Vario di lingua, e di diversa fede  
Il vasti tempio e la superba reggia,  
E freme di mirar Papa LEONE ;  
A cui non pane o prave cose ci chiede,  
Ma chino a terra la Benedizione.

The English version seems to keep up to a good average throughout, especially when we remember the difficulty of

rendering another man's thoughts and of putting into an English dress the elegant compliments that run so glibly off the pen of the cultivated Italian.

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### 3.—WESTMORELAND CHURCH NOTES.<sup>1</sup>

A valuable addition to the materials available for the use of future historians, biographers, and antiquarians, whose field of labour lies in the little county of Westmoreland, has been lately made by the patient industry of Mr. Edward Bellasis. With the assistance of a congenial spirit, the late Mr. John Hamerton Crump, B.A. of New College, Oxford, he has compiled a collection of the sepulchral and heraldic inscriptions which were to be found in thirty-two ancient parish churches and churchyards of the county of Westmoreland at the time of his visits. The importance of securing an accurate copy of these records of the past is shown by the fact that, even during the short period of the few years which elapsed between his first and later visits to the same locality, he found that many monuments had already disappeared from view in the course of structural alterations and church restorations. A notable instance of the losses thus sustained is the memorial brass to Richard Wordsworth, grandfather of the poet, on the floor of Barton Church, which has been invisible since 1860 in consequence of the raising of the flooring, rendered necessary by the insertion of hot-water pipes for the warming of the church.

Another advantage to be derived from the publication of a collection of monumental inscriptions commended itself to the legal mind of the compiler, namely, the service that they might render as genealogical records in contested law cases. The very anticipation of such a result appears to have given a zest to the somewhat depressing and monotonous task of transcribing names, ages, and dates of births and deaths, to say nothing of the oft-repeated texts, doggerel verses, and melancholy warnings, which form the staple of our sepulchral inscriptions. Truly the vacation hours, spent by the compiler year after year amid the bones of past generations in the damp churchyards of a proverbially rainy county, might appear to many but a sorry

<sup>1</sup> *Westmoreland Church Notes*, being the Heraldry, Epitaphs, and other Inscriptions in Thirty-Two Ancient Parish Churches and Churchyards of that County, collected and arranged by Edward Bellasis, Lancaster Herald, of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. Vol. I. T. Wilson, Highgate, Kendal, 1888.

mode of recreation for a hard-worked barrister. But there is a bright lining to every cloud, and an eager worker finds a pleasure in surmounting the difficulties which impede the accomplishment of his task, and in the prospective fruits of his toil. Listen to the voice of our pilgrim :

The personal drawback to the transcriber's own small scheme for Westmoreland seemed to him to be at first, comparatively speaking, of the slightest ; such as damp grass, frequent perusal of distiches, conveying warnings that can never be unseasonable, although when read on dull autumnal days, apt to be at times a trifle depressing to youthful spirits, and lastly the curiosity, not to say suspicion, of the country side that must occasionally fall on any stranger, no matter how good his intentions were, who should be seen actually taking notes "among the tombs" both within and without the churches. On the other hand, what a field was there for the enthusiastic pedigree-hunter ! If a chase after an aged spinster aunt's will, mentioning by name all her relations, and run to earth in a close probate office, had on trial of it become a species of exciting fox-hunt, what exhilarating and absorbing pursuit would not these northerly headstones and footstones open out in the free air of the Westmoreland heavens.

The sweet verses of the Rydal Bard, often appropriate to the object of his researches, were frequently the subject of the compiler's meditation during his solitary rambles. But even since Wordsworth's time the scene has changed, and the churchyard of Grasmere, where his body rests amid beloved relatives and gifted compeers is now no longer

The churchyard, beautiful and green,  
Ridge rising gently by the side of ridge,  
A heaving surface almost wholly free  
From interruption of sepulchral stones,  
And mantled o'er with aboriginal turf  
And everlasting flowers.

In fact, while preserving many beautiful features, such as its time honoured yews and charming surroundings, it has become a forest of very ordinary headstones. Nor does the Poet's resting-place, cherished though it be by dalesman and tourist, inspire higher thoughts of art, or break the dull monotony of the sepulchral monuments. Within an iron railing, beneath the shade of a yew, we discern nine ordinary headstones erected to various members of the Wordsworth family, on one of which we read these simple words :

William Wordsworth, 1850.  
Mary Wordsworth, 1859.

Upon a memorial pillar erected within the graveyard we find the following inscription :

To the memory of William Wordsworth, a true philosopher and poet, who by the special gift and calling of Almighty God, whether he discoursed on man or nature, failed not to lift up the heart to holy things, tired not of maintaining the cause of the poor and simple, and so in perilous times was raised up to be a chief minister not only of noblest poesy, but of high and sacred truth, this memorial is placed here by his friends and neighbours in testimony of respect, affection and gratitude, anno MDCCCLI.

In turning over the leaves of the book, the reader will no doubt remark the paucity of early inscriptions compared with the number of those of later date. In fact, there are few to be seen in this collection of an earlier date than the eighteenth century. Although the transcriber has done well to adhere to the fixed rule which he first laid down, by taking a copy of every monumental inscription, it cannot be denied that the more modern ones have little interest for the reader, while, owing to the present system of civil registration they are less likely to be appealed to in legal disputes, or utilized in genealogical researches.

The alphabetical order, in which not only the churches, but also the inscriptions are arranged, adds exceedingly to the value of the work. The volume now published contains the results of the inspection of seventeen ancient churches and graveyards, so that a similar issue will probably complete the undertaking. The dedication titles of the various churches might have been added with advantage, as it is interesting to note what saints were the favourite objects of veneration among our Catholic forefathers in these northern dales. We have taken the trouble to consult Bell's Gazetteer on the subject, and we find that out of these seventeen churches four were dedicated to St. Michael, three to St. Peter, and the same to St. Cuthbert ; two to St. Lawrence, and one each to SS. Patrick, Ninian, Andrew, and James. The title of the remaining church is not given.

An inspection of the inscriptions will reveal the accustomed medley of epitaphs, pious, sentimental, and bombastic, mingled with many doggerel verses, and the usual Scriptural quotations. Sad to say, there is hardly to be found a vestige of Catholicity in the way of prayer for the dead, &c., and this even in the case of families whose members certainly belonged to the ancient faith. It is very difficult to know what to make of the following.



It promises well, but the conclusion has hardly a Catholic ring.

*In pace quiescat, in gloria resurgat.* "The grave is mine house."  
O let me then with pious care survey  
This little freehold of once living clay  
And know mine end.

The volume before us is well got up, both as regards paper and type, but is not free from typographical errors, the result probably of a hasty correction of the press.<sup>1</sup> It is not illustrated except by the frontispiece, which is a very interesting view of St. Lawrence's Church, Appleby, taken from a drawing in sepia made by the Rev. G. Bell, A.D. 1789.

But we must bring our notice to a close, with thanks to the industrious compiler for this curious volume, and best wishes for the speedy appearance of its successor.

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4.—LETTERS OF THE MOST REV. JOHN MACHALE, ARCHBISHOP  
OF TUAM.<sup>2</sup>

The few but eventful years that have sped by since the venerable Metropolitan of Connaught was summoned to his rest have failed to dim the halo of the memories of his life-long struggles for "Faith and Fatherland." Yet do we hail the present collection, and trust that its editors may be encouraged to complete it, not only because it brings us into living contact with a strongly-marked personality, with a prelate mighty in word and work, to whom it were no exaggeration to apply the eulogies the son of Sirach bestows on the great high priest Simon,<sup>3</sup> but as a valuable contribution to the history of Ireland in the first-half of the present century.

The present volume, which brings us back to 1820, opens with a series of letters shedding light on the machinations of the long since defunct Kildare Street Society, which, like later systems of education subsidised by Government, veiled under sleek professions a conspiracy against the religion of the Irish people. Among other letters dating from this now remote

<sup>1</sup> See, for example, the note, p. 76, where the reference to p. 75 is evidently a mistake for p. 66, and the date 1824 a misprint for 1842. In the fourth line of the Preface, the word *vacation* should be read *vacation*, &c.

<sup>2</sup> *The Letters of the Most Rev. John MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam.* Vol. I. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1888.

<sup>3</sup> Ecclus. i.

period, that entitled "On Intolerance and Exclusive Salvation" claims special attention for its clear and uncompromising statement of the view the Church takes of "those who are without." We are shown that dogmatic as distinguished from civil intolerance, as it is called, is a necessary consequence of definite religious convictions. Nor are there wanting, even among Catholics, those who would do well to ponder on the closing words of the gifted writer :

I cannot help observing that I know not a greater solecism in language or morals, than to call those uncharitable who denounce errors they know to be dangerous ; while the epithet of charitable is bestowed on those who, under the specious name, are propagating a system of indifference and betraying their fellow-men into a treacherous security.<sup>1</sup>

The letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury comments with mild yet mordant irony on a recent exhibition of the serious divergences of the Episcopal Bench on the vital question of the indissolubility of Christian marriage. We have seldom met with a more satisfactory solution of the difficulty arising from the clause, "Save for the cause of fornication."<sup>2</sup> The writer's previsions of the demoralizing effects of divorce, on which he enlarges with his wonted power, have been but too abundantly justified by the revelations of the tribunals claiming competence in matrimonial causes. Letters x.—xii. are an able *exposé* of the vile system of proselytism which still continues to find support in the blind fanaticism of British Philistines. His vindication of the character of the Irish Catholic clergy need not detain us. Not less impressive in what it omits than in what it lays before the mind of the reader is his attempt to enlighten English public opinion as to the real causes of the settled discontent and occasional turbulence of the Irish peasantry. Recent legislation has, so to speak, reversed the relations between the tillers and the owners of the soil, nor are we concerned to deny that in many cases the former have misused their newly-acquired power. It may, however, be pleaded in extenuation that the present agrarian movement is a reaction from a condition which within living memory left the farmer and the fruits of his toil wholly at the mercy of a class who sounded the alarm when reminded by a member of the Administration that property has its duties as well as its rights. The writer next dwells on the irritation and its fell

<sup>1</sup> Letter vii. p. 35.

<sup>2</sup> St. Matt. v. 32.

results due to the periodical orgies of Orange ruffianism, a nuisance we have still to put up with, and which finds advocates, if not patrons, on the Olympian summits of the official hierarchy. This series closes with a crushing indictment of the proselytism then as now attempted in Ireland by an aggressive and obscurantist Protestantism.

The two letters inscribed to Dr. Magee, who in the second decade of this century held possession of the temporalities of the see of Dublin, animadvert with delicate irony on the then notorious charge of the Protestant prelate to his clergy. He is reminded that his position lends to his utterances a weight wholly out of proportion to his personal acquirements; warned too of the danger his inconsiderate onslaught on the religion of Ireland exposes the corporate body in which he has risen to distinction, and of the futility of his claim to take his stand between Catholic authority and the licence of sectarian fanaticism.

Of his strictures on the militant Protestantism of the then *soi disant* Archbishop of Tuam's visitation charges, a mere mention will suffice, as the progress of historical research has placed beyond question the villainy of the men and measures of the so-called Reformation. From the letters in reply to Lord Bexley's "true blue" address to the Kentish farmers, and to the observations of the *Quarterly Review* on the training given to the Levitical youth of Ireland at Maynooth, we may see that even thus early the fanaticism of this country was bent on filching the slender pittance awarded, from considerations of political expediency, to a Catholic Seminary, for no better reason forsooth, than that it inculcated Catholic doctrine. A letter to the *Morning Chronicle* mainly deals with the same controversy which is now happily relegated to the Limbo of antiquarian rubbish. The letters to Earl Grey bring us to the stormy period which ushered in the first Reform Bill. Like earlier ones to which we have called attention, they shed a lurid light on the causes of those periodical famines which have decimated the population of Ireland. We have not the heart to depict here the harrowing scenes which the illustrious writer places on record as matters of his own personal knowledge. Letters 43—65 form a journal of his *impressions de voyage*, on his first visit *ad limina*, enabling the reader to accompany him from Canterbury to Paris, thence through Switzerland, by Northern Italy to Rome. As will be seen, these pages teem with

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descriptions of scenery and of monuments both sacred and profane, and with historical reminiscences witnessing to the depth and extent of his reading. We next follow him to Naples, Pompeii, and to the other spots in that neighbourhood which attract travellers. His return journey leads us to Venice, Trent, and we take leave of him at Frankfort, whence he reminds the scribes of the *Edinburgh Review* that their officious sympathy with the wrongs, real or fancied, of Italy, had far better be bestowed on the woes of their Irish fellow-subjects. The volume closes with a reply to the farewell address of the clergy of Killala, on his translation in 1834 to the metropolitan see of Tuam. We observe in conclusion that in going through this collection, one cannot escape the impression that English was for the great Archbishop a foreign tongue. His style, though correct, betrays a certain lack of spontaneity noticeable in writers whose productions appear in a language other than that of their early years. We say this much in no hypercritical spirit, for from what we know of the intense patriotism of the ever to be lamented Prelate, and of his efforts to arrest the decadence of his native Gaelic, we feel sure that he would have welcomed this remark as a compliment.

With a view to a future edition, we reluctantly call attention to the omission of the accents in the Greek extracts heading several of the letters. An accurate scholar like the Archbishop would surely not have neglected a point which, in all languages where the accentuation is marked, is essential to correct spelling. Worse still, the Gaelic quotations betray hasty revision, else how, for instance, could *l* be persistently substituted for *c* as the initial of *cean*, *coidce*? The excellence of the type and get-up of the volume make us all the more anxious that these blemishes should be removed.

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##### 5.—ST. PETER'S CHAINS.<sup>1</sup>

In *St. Peter's Chains* Aubrey de Vere has collected a number of sonnets on subjects connected with the Papacy, written at various periods both before and subsequent to the spoliation of the Pope's temporal sovereignty. The sonnets are divided under three headings: "The Revolt against Christian

<sup>1</sup> *St. Peter's Chains*; or, Rome and the Italian Revolution. A series of Sonnets. By Aubrey de Vere, LL.D. London: Burns and Oates, Limited.

Civilization," "The Witness of History," "The Hope of the Future." The whole is preceded by a well written Preface, or rather a short Essay on the subject of the Temporal Sovereignty of the Vicar of Christ. In this Essay—which is as solid in its reasoning as it is clear in style—Aubrey de Vere points out that "the question of Rome is the great question of Church and State all over the world" (p. iv.), and as regards Italy in particular he quotes Gioberti's memorable words: "Every scientific reform is vain if it does not make account of religion; and every scheme of Italian renovation, if it has not for its base the corner-stone of Catholicism. . . . And the evil will last as long as men persist in substituting a heathen or chimerical Italy in the place of a real and Christian Italy, which God and a life of eighteen hundred years have created." Lord Brougham's words are well known: "How is it possible to suppose that unless the Pope has enough of temporal authority to keep him independent of the other European Courts, jealousies and intrigues will not arise . . . and so enable any one country wielding the enormous influence of his spiritual authority to foster intrigues, factions, and rebellion in the dominions of her rivals?" These thoughts of the English statesman are cleverly expressed in Sonnet xiii. p. 1, which we will quote at length:

The Spiritual Power, like all things high and strong,  
 Scares statecraft's jealous brain and jaundiced eye  
 Haunted by ghostly daggers gleaming nigh  
 By dreams of rights withheld and plotted wrong:  
 But round the justest statesman fears must throng  
 If, potent still while rest of liberty,  
 Earth's chief of Spiritual Powers in vassalage lie  
 To one of many nations rivals long.  
 Solution of this knot exists but one:  
 Monarch the Pope must live or monarch's thrall;  
 Therefore long since God gave him for his own  
 At once earth's smallest realm and holiest throne;  
 That kingly station left him slave to none;  
 That realm unwarlike made him shield to all.

And again, Gioberti's words find their echo in Sonnet xi. p. 1.

"The Italian cause, and Faith's, in one are blent"  
 What God has joined, let no man separate.

How little Italian unification has added to the historical glory of Italy and of the Italians, the author tells us in "The Italy of Old."

Naples and Florence, Parma, Lucca—these  
 Survived, the last of countless states that bore

Their starry crowns in history's heaven of yore. . . .  
 Not fusion, but a realm confederate  
 They hoped, they claimed ; now first a vulgarer fate  
 Tramples that claim. Dissevered from their past  
 They stand—in Freedom's name provincialised.

But there are higher reasons still why the Pope should have his temporal sovereignty assured : not only does the true welfare and the honour of the nations demand it, but it is necessary for the welfare of the Church. Before this Popes have been imprisoned by invaders more bold but not more irreligious than the present occupiers of Rome. And the spiritual kingdom of Christ throughout the world has consequently suffered.

Blow struck at Rome an instant echo hath  
 In every land where sits the Church a guest :  
 The centre's there. A local church oppressed  
 By popular madness or a tyrant's wrath  
 Not less, like Thecla, lions in her path,  
 May stand secure. . . . .  
 . . . . . Her witness still is free,  
 Her doctrine sure while free he sits at Rome  
 Who speaks the authentic voice of Christendom :  
 His faith, all know, is hers. If bound were he,  
 The whole no longer could secure the part :  
 The world's broad hand would lie upon the Church's heart.

A sonnet at once remarkable for its vigour and deep insight is the fifth of the first division. Rome, we are told—

Rome never reigned a *single* nation's lord. . . .  
 A world, not nation, owned its sovereign sway :

When the pagan Empire fell,

Time's mystery came to birth :  
 Rome was the Church's seat ; man's hope, his stay.  
 Great Rome made pigmy, Rome *one* nation's head,  
 Means this—"The old Rome—the Christian—both are dead."

And hence the cry

"Great Rome our Capitol ! Great Rome restored !"

is not a watchword of life, but one of downfall and death. The sonnet, "National Apostasy," is too well-known for us to quote here : it has gained for itself a permanent place in English sonnet-literature. One of the most graceful pieces in the book we think, is the very first, "Christmas Eve 1859," beginning :

This night, O Earth, a Saviour germinate !  
 Drop down, ye Heavens, your sweetness from above !



—the Christmas eve that was like the peace of Bethlehem, preceding the sorrows of a life, marked with the prophetic title *Crux de Cruce*. And not less sweet, and not less sublime, are the sonnets that grace the last pages in the book, the two sonnets on St. Peter.

Rock of the Rock ! As, He, the Light of Light,  
Shows forth His Father's glory, evermore,  
So show'st thou forth the Son's unshaken might  
Throned in thy unity on every shore  
On thee His Church He built ; and though all night  
Tempests of leaguering demons round it roar,  
The gates of Hell prevail not ; and the Right  
Beams lordliest through the breaking clouds of war.  
Strength of that Church !  
Luminous it stands through thy solidity.

We quite agree with the appreciative critic of *The Scotsman* in assigning to these sonnets a place beside the ecclesiastical sonnets of Wordsworth. As we have pointed out, they are not only distinguished by profound thought and felicity of expression, but the thought and expression not unfrequently reach the sublime. And what will have escaped the notice of no one is the remarkable fact that advancing age has taken nothing from the vigour and grace of the pen of Aubrey de Vere, and that the snows of the increasing years, too often the accompaniment of feebleness or sterility, has witnessed the growth of flowers and fruits, as lovely and as rich as those of the early spring of many years ago.

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6.—A HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.<sup>1</sup>

It may be safely asserted that nineteen persons out of twenty begin their acquaintance with Scotch history by reading *Tales of a Grandfather* ; and there is no slight danger that the ordinary reader should think, that after mastering so great a book on the subject, there can be little need of inquiring further. But if any such reader has perchance fallen into this frame of mind, we can assure him that a very brief glance at Mrs. Kinloch's work will quickly and pleasantly convince him that there is much, and much that is very interesting, which he has still to learn.

Starting from the introduction of Christianity the thread of

<sup>1</sup> *A History of Scotland ; chiefly in its ecclesiastical aspect.* By M. G. J. Kinloch. Edinburgh : R. Grant and Sons, 1888.

Scotch history is here followed to the union of the two crowns of England and Scotland under James the First. The reader will not, we fancy, complain of want of incident. Of St. Margaret there are, of course, many pretty things told from Father Forbes-Leith's delightful edition of Turgot's life, and a somewhat amusing trait of the rough and ready manners of our forefathers of the thirteenth century will be noticed in the account of the festivities at the nuptials of the child-king, Alexander the Third, with Margaret, daughter of Henry the Third.

The chronicler of the rejoicings on this occasion tells us that six hundred oxen, provided by the Archbishop of York to furnish part of the wedding-feast were all eaten up at the first course; the rest he leaves to be imagined, lest he might produce irony in the hearts of the absent. (p. 168.)

Here is a terrible picture of the darker side of Scotch history, it is an episode in one of Wallace's raids into England.

As the Scotch were returning they passed by the once fair and flourishing Priory of Hexham, but which they had ravaged on their advance and turned into a dismal ruin. Three monks were wandering about their dismantled house and cloisters, as if speculating on the possibility of reparation. The greedy soldiers, in hopes that there might still be something left, threatened the monks with death if they would not produce it. "Alas," said one of the brethren, "it is only a little while since you yourself tore away our whole property, and you best know where it is now." Wallace entered the chapel. He bade his soldiers hold their peace, and then craved of one of the monks that he would celebrate Mass. The solemn service began, whilst Sir William followed him (*sic*) reverently. Just at the moment before the Elevation of the Host the warrior went outside the chapel door to lay down his arms and take off his helmet before prostrating himself in the Presence of the Prince of Peace. He had scarcely turned his back when certain of the soldiers who were within, waiting their opportunity, rushed up to the sanctuary, snatched the chalice from the hands of the priest and the service books from the altar, and were proceeding to tear off the altar vestments, when in the midst of this confusion and terror their general re-entered the church. He immediately commanded that the persons who were perpetrating this terrible sacrilege should be put to death. . . . In some measure to atone for this sacrilege he granted a charter of protection to the Priory of Hexham, whereby its lands, men, and movables were admitted under the peace of the King, and all persons interdicted (*sic*) from doing them any injury. (p. 187.)

In reading Scotch history one always of course looks first

for a full and fair account of Mary Queen of Scots. Nor are we disappointed, the story is well, and sometimes vividly told. The account of Babington's Plot is perhaps disappointing, and why should Mary be charged with having an "incurable habit" of writing long, deep, and mysterious letters? They were not at all too deep nor too mysterious for her correspondents, who were the real parties concerned. We find again repeated the oft made statement, that there were innumerable plots against Elizabeth during Mary's presence in England, but has this ever been proved? There were indeed many schemes for liberating Mary, and Walsingham discovered scores of mare's-nests which he proclaimed as conspiracies against Elizabeth, but they appear almost all to have been plots of his own making. The facts of this matter would be very interesting.

Is it again really relevant to discuss the legality of Bothwell's first marriage? Surely the simplest explanation of Mary's action is also the most satisfactory. She was told by ecclesiastical authorities that her marriage with Bothwell was perfectly legitimate, and she very naturally and quite properly believed them. As far as she is concerned why not let the whole question rest there? The treatment of the subject as a whole, however, seems to have been conceived in a happy mean, uninfluenced by partisan spirit much less by hostile faultfinding, and so we leave a fascinating subject and an interesting book, which cannot be read without the pleasure of learning new things about those whose names we have been taught to honour since childhood.

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#### 7.—MRS. DORSEY'S WORKS.<sup>1</sup>

We have received from Mr. Murphy three handsome volumes of Mrs. Dorsey's works, who is well known and highly appreciated as a writer of stories for young people. *The Fate of the Dane* which gives its title to one of those attractive volumes, is the first of four stories contained therein, and consists of a chapter of Irish history, recording the sufferings of the Irish people in early times under their Danish conquerors and the terrible retribution which overtook the latter when the native

<sup>1</sup> *The Fate of the Dane*, and other stories. By Anna Hanson Dorsey. Baltimore: John Murphy and Co., 1888.

*The Student of Blenheim Forest*. By Anna Hanson Dorsey. Baltimore: John Murphy and Co., 1888.

*Zoe's Daughter*. By Anna Hanson Dorsey. Baltimore: John Murphy, 1888.

chieftains united in a successful effort to throw off the yoke of the despoiler and restore freedom to their beautiful country and hereditary homes. The second tale relates how the daughter of General Lajolais, when her father was condemned to death for conspiring against the First Napoleon, obtained his pardon and release. The scene is well described when the beautiful and courageous girl, undaunted by difficulties and obstacles, throws herself at the Emperor's feet, and befriended by his favourite sister-in-law Hortense, pleads for her parent's life with such earnest and pathetic persistency, that his stern, unyielding heart is touched, and he is unable to resist the impulses of mercy. The next, *The Story of Manuel*, is intended, the writer tells us, to illustrate how faithfully the Mother of Mercy stands by her children and rescues them when all hope seems lost. The remaining story is also the history of a conversion, and forms by far the most interesting portion of the book. It gives an outline of the eventful career of that extraordinary man *Jacopone da Todi*, the "mad penitent" to whom the Christian Church owes that wonderful hymn of *Stabat Mater*. The only son of the richest man in Umbria, the most profligate youth of the age, whose lavish expenditure and wild escapades kept the town in a fever of excitement, Jacques dei Benedetti was arrested in his headlong course by the sudden bankruptcy and death of his father; to repair the fortune he had wasted and retrieve the honour of his house, became henceforth the motive of his existence. Prosperity crowned his efforts, and a few years later he was again a wealthy citizen, occupying a position of distinction, and the husband of a lovely and pious bride. But although outwardly changed, Jacques was as yet no Christian; it was the power of vicarious suffering and of intercession on the part of his beautiful wife who had offered to the Mother of Dolours herself, with all she had not excepting her life, for his conversion, that inaugurated for him a new existence. The fall of a gallery in the amphitheatre was the occasion of her death.

Lifting her tenderly he (Jacques) conveyed her to a place of safety, the crowd making way and giving what assistance they could. She was not dead; she breathed, and unclosing her eyes, fixed a tender gaze on his agonized face. . . . He bore her to a shaded spot where only a low murmur from the din in the amphitheatre could reach them, and laying her upon the grass and flowers that spangled it, he cut open the pearl-embroidered tissues of her festal robe and the fine silk and linen of her under garments, tearing them open that her heart might have no

pressure upon it, that the air of heaven could blow freely upon her; but what did he see? Not the fair ivory skin that covered the faultless symmetry of her form, but a rough hair-shirt under which the tender flesh showed many a fretted scar. A cry of grief escaped his lips of such bitter anguish that it recalled her from the bright mysteries which were already dawning upon her; there was a tremulous movement of her white, dying lips, and bending down his ear he heard her whisper: "It was for Thee! O Christ, make him Thine own!" That was all. Her pure spirit passed as the prayer escaped her lips. Then he knew how she had done penance for him, knew that for his sins and follies this rough garment was worn, and that by the suffering of her tender flesh she had hoped to win mercy for him (p. 56.)

Interesting indeed it is to read how this strong and courageous nature, touched by grace, stripped himself of everything that had hitherto been dear to him; how bareheaded and clothed in rags, he frequented the churches, weeping and meditating on the Passion of Jesus and the Dolours of Mary; endeavouring to make reparation for his sins and the scandal he had given, nay more, willing to be held as a fool and abject in that very city where he had so long exalted himself in pomp and pride, to be derided and nicknamed *Jacopone*, Mad Jacques.

One day, like the Prophet Jeremias who appeared at the public places of Jerusalem with a yoke about his neck, the poor penitent showed himself upon the public promenade half naked, with a saddle and bridle on his back, walking on his hands and knees like a beast of burden. Some wept: there were a few who shouted in derision; and many were touched and saddened as they beheld the miserable state to which his envied destiny had fallen. "He is mad! He is mad!" was all they could say.

"He is not mad," said a holy man who knew: "he is doing penance" (p. 63.)

After a period of ten years, *Jacopone* was admitted as a Brother servant into the Order of St. Francis. We must refer the reader to the book itself for an account of the trials that awaited him there, and turn to the other volume offered to our notice.

*The Student of Blenheim Forest* is of a very different stamp, the narrative being entirely subordinate to the exposition and explanation of Catholic doctrine and ritual, which is the real aim of the book; it is a mere setting, to hold together the jewels and display them to better advantage. The scene is laid in Virginia, and in the opening pages we find the "student," an only child and the heir to immense estates, returning home

from college, with health weakened by study, in disgust with the Protestantism wherein he has been brought up, and determined to investigate thoroughly the claims of Catholicism. "If I find this religion to be false," he exclaims, "then none other can be true, and woe unto me, for infidelity must claim me as one of its most decided partisans."

The young man's researches, it is needless to say, end in his conversion. When he announces it to his father, the Colonel offers his son a rich estate, and his unqualified consent to marry the object of his choice, whoever she might be, if he would desist from his purpose of becoming a Catholic; otherwise he banishes him from his presence at once and for ever, *never to return*.

Mrs. Clavering pleads on her son's behalf, but in vain; and who can wonder, for she confesses that she is herself a Catholic, but since her marriage weak love for her husband and human respect have led her to conceal and neglect the faith her son now openly embraces. However, she finds a home for him with some Catholic friends in Baltimore, where he learns his religion and is received into the Church. Before rapid consumption brings him to an early grave, he is reconciled with his father and expires in his arms. The controversial character of this book and the descriptions of Catholic ceremonies that it contains render it more suitable to be placed in the hands of inquirers than in those of the children of the Church.

*Zoe's Daughter* is a pretty story that we can with confidence recommend for the young people to read. Judging from its tone, we should imagine that the authoress writes chiefly for girls just leaving school. *Zoe's Daughter* is full of genuine Catholic feeling, without a trace of morbid passion or worldliness. Our readers will find it an entertaining and useful volume.



## *Literary Record.*

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### I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE Third Order of St. Francis has recently received a special commendation from our Sovereign Pontiff, Leo the Thirteenth, and a large number of the faithful are enrolled in it. The Third Order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel on the other hand, though no less ancient and still more highly privileged, counts in the present time comparatively few members; in this country more especially its rule is little known, and to those who are acquainted with it the obligations it lays on persons adopting it may perhaps appear somewhat difficult of observance amid the duties and distractions of a secular life. In order to bring it within the reach of a greater number of Catholics, some modifications have lately been made in the Rule, and a new *Manual* drawn up,<sup>1</sup> wherein the regulations are explained, the conditions and ceremonies for admission given, the pious practices to be observed, and the spiritual advantages to be enjoyed by Tertiaries fully set forth. An English translation of this *Manual* is now published, and we recommend the study of it to all persons who, unable to devote themselves wholly to the contemplative life, desire to conform in some measure at least to the spirit of the Carmelite Order, and call themselves the disciples of St. Teresa. It is to be regretted that the regulations respecting the Assemblies and government of the Tertiaries cannot at present be carried out in full.

Messrs. Burns and Oates have published the English translation of Pope Leo's Encyclical on Human Liberty,<sup>2</sup> with a Preface by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. His Eminence points out how the great and far-reaching principles enunciated by the Holy Father solve many a question which

<sup>1</sup> *Manual for the Members of the Third Order of the Most Holy Mary of Carmel and of St. Teresa.* To be obtained at all the Carmelite Monasteries and Convents, 1888.

<sup>2</sup> *Encyclical Letter of our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII. on Human Liberty.* London: Burns and Oates.

arises in the present day both in the Old World and in the New. It is indeed the charter of true liberty: its teaching is the only foundation on which liberty can be permanently established in any age or country. We have already touched on some of the most prominent points in it. We need now only recommend it to our readers in its separate form and with the additional attraction of the Cardinal's Introduction.

We noticed last month Father Vaughan's translation of the Holy Father's admirable little treatise on Humility. We have since received an American translation,<sup>1</sup> which seems to have been made with equal care and skill, and which we feel sure will be welcomed and widely circulated among American Catholics.

A little book on the Sacred Heart of Jesus,<sup>2</sup> which in a small compass comprises a large amount of information respecting the origin, the meaning, and the object of this devotion, besides the means of practising it, with a considerable number of prayers, litanies, hymns, and pious thoughts on the subject, will be cordially received, not only by the members of the Association in honour of the Sacred Heart, to whom it is specially dedicated, but by every one to whom this beautiful devotion is dear. Selections from St. Alphonsus' Visits to the Blessed Sacrament, and his devotions for confession and Communion, close the second part of this excellent little volume.

A course of ten short meditations on the life and virtues of St. Ignatius,<sup>3</sup> suitable either for a novena, or for the devotion of the ten Sundays to which a Plenary Indulgence is attached, will prove welcome to all who desire to honour this illustrious Saint, who through his Spiritual Exercises leads so many thousands of souls to salvation, to invoke him as the guide of their spiritual life, and to obtain through his intercession the grace of a happy death. Each meditation is followed by some maxims and practical counsels of St. Ignatius, which if acted upon, would prove sure stepping-stones in the way of virtue. An interesting incident taken from the life of the Saint closes the reading for each day.

Father Richardson has written a telling pamphlet respecting

<sup>1</sup> *The Practice of Humility.* By His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. Translated from the Italian by Rev. J. F. X. O'Connor, S.J. New York, &c.: Benziger Brothers.

<sup>2</sup> *A Companion for the Members of the Association in honour of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.* Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1888.

<sup>3</sup> *Meditations on the Life and Virtues of St. Ignatius of Loyola.* Translated from the French. London: Burns and Oates, Ltd., 1888.

Dr. Littledale.<sup>1</sup> He shows that the learned Doctor, in his rôle of defender of the Reformation, is accepting a position which he once regarded as utterly untenable. We do not usually find personal controversy and charges of inconsistency very profitable reading; but in the case of a man so unscrupulous—to use a gentle term—it is perhaps the best way to deal with him. The general drift of the pamphlet is, that if Dr. Littledale was convinced in 1868 of the rottenness of the Reformation, and has shown no cause for changing his opinion, his present attitude of hostility to Rome, and his advocacy of Anglicanism, are quite indefensible.

Dr. Gmeiner<sup>2</sup> has just issued another volume of his popular defence of Christian doctrines, in which he deals with the Life of Jesus Christ, and shows how every theory respecting Him, except that of His Divinity, is untenable and absurd. He shows how those who put forward Buddha or Mahomet as the rivals of the Son of God, know nothing of Him who spoke as never man spoke and who alone is exempt from the one-sidedness and defectiveness of humanity. He points out how the greatest men who have ever lived were always more or less children of their times, their country, and the society in which they lived. Christ alone has no local characteristics, no peculiarities of His age, or nation. We hope that Dr. Gmeiner's book may prove an effective antidote to the blasphemous attacks of infidels on the Son of God.

We have also received from Messrs. Burns and Oates a copy of the hymnal<sup>3</sup> which forms the supplement to the *Manual of Prayers* prescribed by episcopal authority, now published separately in a cheap and handy form.

Any one who wishes to while away pleasantly a vacant half-hour, cannot do better than make himself acquainted with *Frank Carisbroke's Stratagem*.<sup>4</sup> We must refrain from disclosing the plot of the tale lest we destroy the interest wherewith its course is followed. Suffice it to say that the rich young man who is the

<sup>1</sup> *Littledale v. Littledale*. By the Rev. Austin Richardson. London: Catholic Truth Society, 18, West Square, S.E.

<sup>2</sup> *Emmanuel the Saviour of the World*. By the Rev. John Gmeiner. Milwaukee: Hoffmann.

<sup>3</sup> *The New Manual Hymn Book*. From the supplement of the *Manual of Prayers* prescribed by the Cardinal Archbishop and Bishops of England in 1886. London: Burns and Oates, Ltd., 1888.

<sup>4</sup> *Frank Carisbroke's Stratagem*. By J. S. Fletcher. London: Jarrold and Sons, 1888.

hero, suspecting that his beautiful *fiancée* only loves him for the sake of his wealth and position, resorts to a ruse—transparent enough to the reader—to test her affection. It is to hoped that this heartless girl is not to be taken as a type of her sex, nor her mercenary parents as representatives of human nature; nor even that it is necessary to turn, as Frank Carisbroke did, to a lower stratum of society to find generous kindness, genuine affection, and sincere gratitude. The style of the writer is vivacious and the book amusing, and one may safely predict that, once taken up, will not be laid down till the last page has been turned.

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## II.—MAGAZINES.

The *Katholik* for August opens with an obituary notice of Professor Scheeben, who for nearly twenty-eight years filled the post of Professor of Dogmatic Theology in the Diocesan Seminary at Cologne, to which he was appointed two years after his ordination. He was a frequent contributor to the *Katholik*, and was much esteemed on account of his valuable literary productions, as well as for his learning, his apostolic zeal, and his many virtues. So much has been written respecting the devotion of the Sacred Heart, that one is apt to imagine anything more must be a mere repetition of facts and sentiments already familiar to the reader. This is not the case with the essay on the subject in the *Katholik*; it forms part of the Introduction to a new edition of Father Croiset's well-known book, and purports to show the attitude assumed by the Church in regard to the revelations at Paray, and the encouragement and approval wherewith Rome has viewed from the first the rapid spread of the devotion, whose object is to make reparation, and kindle the flame of Divine charity in the hearts of men. Some useful observations are added on the methods of representing the Sacred Heart, and the formulas embodying the devotion. The conclusion of the history of the massacre of the Theban Legion discusses the number of soldiers put to death. It is variously fixed, the highest figure being 6,600. There is also a divergence of opinion as to the year of its occurrence, the dates assigned to it ranging from 286 to 303. Though called in question by some, the fact of the massacre is stated to be an historic certainty. The *Katholik* further contains

an article on the Irish Martyrs who suffered under Queen Elizabeth.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* (916) in an article on the immense increase in emigration states this to be one of the most deplorable results of the Italian Revolution. Hardly known before 1850, statistics show it now to have attained alarming proportions: the emigrants from the Italian Peninsula exceed in number those from any other and more populous European State. From 1871 to 1881, no less than 1,140,000 are said to have abandoned the fair and fertile shores of their native land. Commenting on the Holy Father's Encyclical, the *Civiltà* (917), mentions the triumph of the Liberal party in the recent elections as having seemed to embolden the enemies of the Church, and caused some confusion of ideas in the mind of good Catholics. How opportune, therefore, it remarks, is at this moment the publication of an Encyclical Letter, wherein the Supreme Pontiff, with consummate ability, draws the distinction between Liberty and Liberalism. The latter, a travesty of true liberty, to which in principles and practice it is diametrically opposed, is declared to be worse than heresy or schism, for it is the rebellion of human will against the will of God. Now the heretic may be in invincible ignorance, but there is no one that does not know that God has a right to be worshipped and served by man. The hostility to religion in the present day manifests itself in the efforts of medical science to ascribe to natural causes phenomena due to supernatural graces. From such a standpoint, as the *Civiltà* remarks, the ecstasies of the mystics become nothing more than a mesmeric trance, or the hallucinations of hysteria. The symptoms and nature of the latter mysterious disease are briefly discussed. The strange illusions and frenzied ravings, sometimes succeeded by a lethargy or trance, of which a description is given, would find a parallel rather in the accounts of demoniacal possession than in the pages of Christian hagiology. While blaming the incredulity of the medical faculty in regard to supernatural favours, one must, however, beware of the opposite error, namely, attributing to supernatural causes what may be accounted for in the natural order. Another article discusses the question of the abolition of capital punishment. Italy stands alone in having practically abolished death as a judicial penalty, and an effort is being made by the Liberals to have it struck out of the legal code. It is alleged that criminals, especially the worst delinquents, are now so hardened,

that they cease to fear death, and it therefore no longer serves as a deterrent. This argument is false, as the hangman's rope has frequently proved most efficacious in intimidating evil-doers, and protecting honest members of society. What is said of the gallows, is infinitely more true of the prison, since the ease and comfort enjoyed there is rather an allurements than otherwise to the committal of crimes. It is also urged by the advocates of abolition, that executions corrupt public morals, and that in some instances innocent persons have been put to death ; but a sufficient answer to such arguments is easily found.

The article on Political Economy deals with the duty of Government to afford encouragement and protection to industry and commerce, as well as the advantages and disadvantages of free trade and competition. The natural science notes contain interesting information respecting the invasion of swarms of locusts, and the means of their destruction ; as also of the remedies to be employed against the sting of venomous insects.





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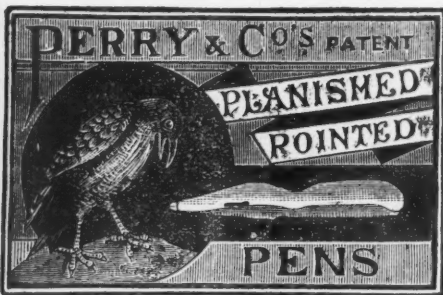
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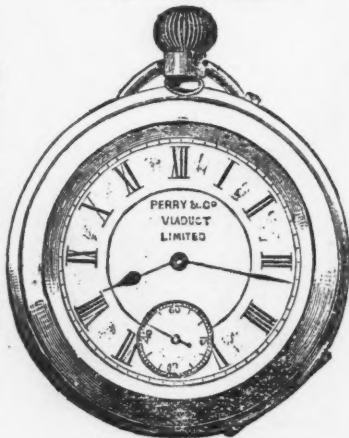
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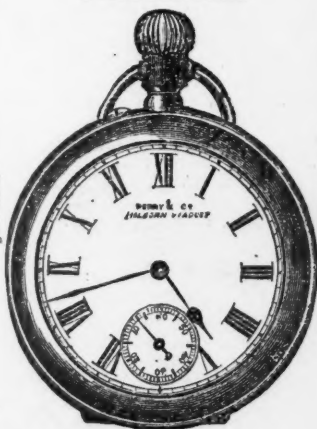


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